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Pro-Slavery.

BROOKS AND KEITT APPEAL TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

From The Columbia (S. C.) Banner, July 23.

A CARD.—I am induced to address the voters of the Fourth Congressional District through the columns of *The South Carolinian*, because it is a paper having an extensive circulation in my District, and because of the shortness of time that will elapse before the election to supply the vacancy created by my resignation, which I have observed is on the 28th inst.

When I accepted, fellow-citizens, the commission to represent you, I felt that you had committed your honour to my care, together with your interests. Upon the instant of my first election, the responsibilities of my new position weighed heavily upon me. I found relief, however, in the reflection that, although a beneficent Creator had vouchsafed great intellectual endowments to comparatively but few of his creatures, yet that he had constituted every man of common sense with power to be just, loyal and true; and I silently avowed that, though nature should deny me the privilege of adding even an humble intellectual flower to the chaplet of South Carolina, I would be a sentinel to her honour, and guard the glories with which better and abler men had graced her brow.

On the 19th and 20th of May last past, a Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts falsified her history and defamed her character. I remembered my resolve and performed my vow. For this act, with which you are familiar, the House of Representatives endeavoured to *expel* me from that body. The vote on the resolution to expel was 121 yeas and 95 nays—less than two-thirds, which is the number required by the Constitution to expel a member. There were circumstances of gratification attending this vote, but there were also circumstances of displeasure. Every Member from the slave-owning States voted to sustain me but two, and they were Know-Nothings—the one from Maryland (Mr. Hoffman) and the other from Delaware (Mr. Cullen). Thirteen gentlemen from the free States also voted against the resolution to expel.

But a majority of the House has pronounced me, because of my act, unworthy of a seat in the American Congress. I could not, as the representative of a high-toned and gallant constituency, rest with this imputation upon you and myself. I resigned my seat, and, kicking the black dust of a Black Republican majority from my feet, I left the Hall in indignation and disgust.

My appeal is to you. If I have represented you faithfully, then select me with an unanimity which will thunder into the ears of fanaticism the terrors of the storm that is coming upon them. If in aught I have failed to represent you as you are, then, in God's name, send some man whose blood is more sluggish than mine.

It was my purpose to have made my appeal to you in person, but there are circumstances, not necessary now to mention, which have induced me, under the advice of discreet friends, to remain "on the ground." For near two months I have been in daily receipt of many letters threatening my life, whether in the Capitol, in the streets, or in my Chamber. Though seemingly undisturbed during the time, now that crisis is passed, I realize that I have been in a condition of continuous excitement, and that I need repose. I could be but one week in the State even if I were to return, and of necessity could see but a few of my constituents.

While I am here, though I may not represent you as a *member*, I can and will, as a private gentleman, defend the honour of our good old State from assaults proceeding from any and every quarter.

I herewith couple an extract from *The Journal of Commerce*, which is published in New York City, together with the comments upon it by *The New York Daily Times*:

"P. S. BROOKS.—We are glad to see that the first impulse of approbation expressed by some of the Southern papers (of Brooks's attack upon Sumner) has passed away, and that nearly the *whole South*, in common with the whole North *condemn the assault* as unjustifiable and brutal."—*Journal of Commerce.*

"We shall soon have an opportunity of testing the truth of these assurances. Mr. Brooks has gone home to appeal to his constituents. If it be true, as *The Journal of Commerce* and other papers of the same stamp assert, that his conduct is condemned by 'the whole South,' or by any considerable portion of it, as 'unjustifiable and brutal,' they will manifest that displeasure by refusing to re-elect him. Under these circumstances of the case, his re-election would be the strongest possible indorsement of his conduct. And if his constituents are desirous of having it understood that they do not approve of it, they have a very simple way of making it manifest. This will be the only issue presented in his case. Upon all other subjects others may readily be found who will be quite as acceptable representatives as he. If he is re-nominated and re-elected, it will be solely and exclusively because his constituents desire thus to indorse and applaud his assault upon Mr. Sumner.

"Now, does *The Journal of Commerce* believe they will re-elect him, or not? If it does, it can hardly pretend also to believe that they condemn his conduct as 'unjustifiable and brutal.'"

The issue involved is distinctly set forth in the above extracts, and it is for you to say which of these editors is the Daniel in judgment.

I have the honour to have been your servant,
and am respectfully your fellow-citizen,
P. S. BROOKS.

Washington City, July 18.

From The Charleston Mercury, July 25.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I have deemed it my duty to resign my seat in the Congress of the United States, and to appeal to you from the decision of a Black Republican and Abolition majority here. With the circumstances connected with the punishment of Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, by Col. Brooks, you are familiar. My connection with that punishment has invoked the censure of the dominant majority in the House, and from that resolution of censure I have appealed to my constituents.

It is true, I am indifferent to the opinions of the individual members who passed the resolution; but their recorded act, from their official position, acquires an importance I should by no means attribute to their judgment under other circumstances. You, too, I am convinced, are indifferent to their individual opinions; but you will feel that when they are impressed upon the records of the country, they acquire something of gravity. Under all the circumstances, as the expressed disapprobation of the House will live upon the records of our legislation, I have deemed it due to you, and just to myself, to transmit with it the recorded approbation of my constituents.

I am willing that posterity shall judge between the *disapprobation* of a Black Republican and Abolition majority, and the *approbation* of my constituents.

I submit the closing remarks which I made in the House on resigning my seat, as somewhat more explanatory of the motives which have influenced me in the course I have pursued:

"Now, sir, I have to perform the last act in this legislative ceremony. A majority in this House has passed a resolution of censure on me. For what? Because I did not turn public informer. Informer against whom? Against my then colleague (Mr. Brooks)—against my friend, my bosom friend, and as the Black Republican journals have charged complicity on my part and a conspiracy, I will say informer against my State? What, sir! turn public informer against my colleague, against my friend, against my State? Sir, those who wish to be galvanized into walking satires upon honour, and decency, and fidelity, may turn informers; I never shall. And turn informer in favour of whom? A man who has slandered my State and one of her most distinguished and trusted sons (Judge Butler).

"Sir, I knew that my colleague intended to punish the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) unless he apologized. I knew he would punish him, for he told me so, and he always performed what he attempts. I did not know, however, when or where the punishment would be inflicted; and I did not anticipate its infliction in the Senate Chamber. Had I anticipated that act of justice there, I should have been still nearer the scene of action than I was.

"Sir, the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) had slandered South Carolina and one of her distinguished Senators (Judge Butler). Sir, he had slandered a man dear to my State (Judge Butler); a man whose name is interwoven with her history; a man in whose veins flows only patriotic blood, and whose family escutcheon is bound with laurels won on many a field. Sir, when this man was slandered—this man distinguished by dignity and usefulness, by service and reputation—this man crowned with all the honours of a well-spent life—when he was slandered in his absence, is it strange that the blood of a kinsman should run swiftly, and boil up with indignation against the slanderer? Sir, had my colleague acted otherwise than he did, he would have deserved contempt.

"There are wrongs, sir, for the redress of which no appeal can be made to a human tribunal. Wounded honour can never be redressed by an attorney; nor can a manly pride be weighed in legal scales. My colleague redressed a wrong to his blood and to his State, and he did it in a fair and manly way.

"Sir, in the feudal code of chivalry—the only code of chivalry the wit of man has ever constructed—the churl was never touched with the knightly sword; his person was mulcted by the quarter-staff.

"Sir, what a spectacle has this House presented to the world! The adherents of Mr. Sumner say, we hold a man's person sacred, but his reputation out of the pale of protection. We, on the other hand, say that the character is sacred, and without it, a man's person is not worth protecting. Sir, let us go to the country on this issue: Sanctity of character on the one side, and impunity to slander on the other.

"I ask, again, sir, did this House expect me to turn informer? Informer, sir, against my colleague and intimate friend! and that, too, in favour of a slanderer. Sir, of all characters, save that of the informer, the slanderer is most despicable. Even after he shall have breathed the supreme breadth of his hideous life—for cold-blooded and measured slander is moral hideousness—even from the worms fitly battoning on his disgraced remains, even after the flesh that wraps him shall have dissolved away and mingled with the tainted earth—even then will history select his name from among the dishonoured names of earth, and condemn it in stereotyped infamy, to live among her most withering records. Sir, whoever wishes to be pilloried in dishonour may turn informer—never will I. If the Constitution only protects the slanderer, it is worthless. If its ægis is only thrown around a man's body of flesh, while his character, which is immortal, is left to be blurred and stained, and sullied by obscenity and slander, then the lightning of an indignant people should blast and consume it. Sir, never will I submit to slander, or will I betray confidence.

"For the individual opinions of those who have passed the resolution of censure, I care nothing. For their official opinion, formally recorded, I have a proper sensitiveness. From this recorded act of a majority here, almost entirely Black Republican and Abolition, I shall appeal to my constituents. I shall appeal to those who hold character sacred, and among whom honour is maintained. I shall appeal to a constituency to whom are given our revolutionary records, as the primer of learning is given to infancy, to turn over its leaves, like those of an illustrated volume; for those who have mastered the hornbook of fame and the alphabet of patriotism, may decide upon the character of an act.

"I have only now to add that I have placed my resignation in the hands of my colleague (Gov. Aiken), to take effect when I make the announcement upon this floor, and that he has already transmitted it to the Governor of the State of South Carolina."

I may add, that the Hon. Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, was the first embraced in the resolution of censure by the Committee, but was relieved from it by the vote of the House, making it more pointed and emphatic against me, and thereby also confining it to South Carolina. The issue which the Black Republicans have presented I have felt it my duty to accept, and I have transferred it from an Abolition House to my Congressional District.

I have written this address, because it would be impossible for me to visit more than one District before the time at which the election is ordered, and because there are also portions of the District which I could not visit with safety at this period of the year. I now remit the whole matter to you, my constituents, for your approval or disapproval.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
LAWRENCE M. KEITT.

Washington, July 17, 1856.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ROSS.

From The Knoxville (Tenn.) Presbyterian Witness.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., July 14th, 1856.

BROTHER BLACKBURN: I affirmed in my New York speech that the slavery agitation has done and will accomplish good.

Your very kind and courteous disagreement on that point, I will make the occasion to say something more thereon, without wishing you, my dear friend, to regard what I write as inviting any discussion.

I said *that* agitation has brought out, and would reveal still more fully, the Bible in its relation to slavery and liberty—also, the infidelity which long has been, and is now, leavening, with death, the whole Northern mind. And that it would result in the triumph of the *true* Southern interpretation of the Bible; to the honour of God, and to the good of the master, the slave, the stability of the Union, and be a blessing to the world. To accomplish this, the Sin Per Se doctrine will be utterly demolished. That doctrine is the difficulty in *every Northern mind* (where there is any difficulty about slavery), whether they confess it or not. Yes, the difficulty with every Northern man is, that *the relation* of master and slave is felt *to be* sin. I know that to be the fact. I have talked with all grades of Northern men, and come in contact with all varieties of Northern mind, on this subject. And I know that the man who says and tries to believe, and does, partially, in sober judgment, believe that slavery is not sin, yet, *in his feelings—in his educated prejudices*, he feels that slavery is sin.

Yes, *that* is the difficulty, and *that* is the whole of the difficulty *between the North and the South*, so far as the question is one of the Bible and morals. Now, I again say that that sin per se doctrine will, in this agitation, be utterly demolished. And when that is done; when the North will know and feel, fully, perfectly, that the relation of master and slave is not sin, but sanctioned of God; then, and not till then, the North and South can, and will, without anger, consider the following questions: whether slavery, as it exists in the United States, all things considered, be or be not a great good, and the greatest good for a time, notwithstanding its admitted evils? Again, Whether these evils can or cannot be modified and removed? Lastly, whether slavery itself can or cannot pass away from this land and the world? Now, sir, the moment the sin question is settled, then all is peace. For these other questions belong entirely to another category of morals. They belong entirely to the category of *what is* wise *to realize* good. This agitation will bring this great result. And therefore I affirm the agitation to be good.

There is another fact, also the result, in great measure, of this agitation, which, in my view, proves the agitation to have been and to be of great good. I mean the astonishing rise and present stability of the Slave Power of the United States. This fact, when examined, is undeniable. And it is equally undeniable that it has been caused, in great part, by the slavery agitation in all its bearings. It is a wonderful development made by God. And I must believe he intends, thereby, either to destroy or bless this great Union. But as I believe he intends to bless, therefore I am fortified in affirming the good there has been, and is, in this agitation. Let me bring out to view this astonishing fact.

1. Twenty-five years ago, and previously, the whole slaveholding South and West had a strong tendency to emancipation, in some form. But the abolition agitation then began, and arrested that Southern and Western leaning to emancipation. Many people have said, and do say, that that *arrest* was, and is a great evil. I say it was, and is, a great good. Why? Answer: It was, and would now be, premature. Had it been carried out, it would have been and would now be evil, immense, inconceivable—to master, slave, America, Africa, and the world; because neither master, slave, America, Africa, the world were, or are, ready for emancipation. God has a great deal to do before he is ready for emancipation. He tells us so by this *arrest* put upon that tendency to emancipation years ago. For He put it into the hearts of Abolitionists *to make the arrest*. And He stopt the Southern movement all the more perfectly by permitting Great Britain to emancipate Jamaica, and letting that experiment prove, as it has, a perfect, a terrible warning. JAMAICA IS DESTROYED. And now, whatever be done for its negroes must be done with the full admission that what has been attempted was in violation of the duty Britain owed to those negroes. But her failure in seeing and doing her duty God has given to us to teach us knowledge; and, through us, to instruct the world, in the demonstration of the problem of slavery.

2. God put it into the heads of Northern men—especially Abolitionists—to give Texas to the South. Texas—a territory so vast that a bird, as Webster said, can't fly over it in a week. Many in the South did not want Texas. But many longer-headed ones did want it. And Northern men voted and gave to the South exactly what these longer-headed Southern statesmen wanted. This, I grant, was Northern, anti-slavery fatuity, utterly unaccountable, but that God made them do it.

3. God put it into the hearts of Northern men—and especially Abolitionists—to vote for Polk, Dallas and Texas. This gave us the Mexican War; and that immense Territory, its spoil—a Territory which, although it may not be favourable for slave labour, has increased and will, in many ways, extend the Slave Power.

4. This leads me to say that God put it into the hearts of many Northern men, especially Abolitionists, to believe what Great Britian said, namely, that *free trade* would result in slave emancipation. *But lo! the slaveholder wanted free trade.* So, Northern Abolitionists helped to destroy the *tariff policy*; and thus to expand the demand for and the culture of cotton. Now, see the gold of California has *perpetual free trade*, by enabling our merchants to meet the enormous demand for specie created by free trade. So, California helps the Slave Power. But the Abolitionists gave us Polk, the Mexican War, and California.

5. God put it into the hearts of the North, and especially Abolitionists, to stimulate the settlement of new free States, and to be the ardent friends of an immense foreign emigration. The result has been to send down to the South, with railroad speed and certainty, corn, wheat, flour, meal, bacon, pork, beef, and every other imaginable form of food, in quantity amazing, and so cheap that the planter can spread wider and wider the culture of cotton.

6. God has, by this growth of the North-West, made the demand for cotton enormous in the North and North-West. Again He has made English and French experiments, to procure cotton somewhere else than from the United States, *dead failures*—in the East Indies, Egypt, Algeria, Brazil. God has thus given to the Southern planter an absolute monopoly—a monopoly so great, that he, the Southern planter, sits now upon his throne of cotton, and wields the commercial scepter of the world. Yes, it is the Southern planter who says, to-day, to haughty England, go to war, if you dare! Dismiss Dallas, if you dare! Yes, he who sits on the throne of the cotton bag has triumphed at last over him who sits on the throne of the wool-sack. England is prostrate at his feet, as well as the Abolitionists.

7. God has put it into the hearts of the Abolitionists to prevent half a million of free negroes from going to Liberia; and thereby the Abolitionists have made them consumers of slave products to the extension of the Slave Power. And by thus keeping them in America the Abolitionists have so increased their degradation as to prove all the more the utter folly of emancipation in the United States.

8. God has permitted the anti-slavery men of the North, in England, in France, and everywhere, so to blind themselves in hypocrisy as to give the Southern slaveholder his last perfect triumph over them. For God tells the planter to say to the North, to England, to France, to all who buy cotton: "Ye men of Boston, New York, London, Paris—ye hypocrites—ye brand me as a pirate, a kidnapper, a murderer, a demon, fit only for hell—and yet, ye buy my blood-stained cotton. O! ye hypocrites. Ye Boston hypocrites—why don't ye throw the cotton in the sea, as your fathers did the tea? Ye Boston hypocrites—ye say *if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the slave trade?* Wherefore, be ye witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them who, in fact, kidnapped, and bought in blood, and sold the slave in America! For, now, ye hypocrites, ye buy the blood-stained cotton in quantity so immense that *ye* have run up the price of slaves, to be more than a thousand dollars, the average of old and young!! O! ye hypocrites—ye denounce slavery, then ye bid it live, and not die, in that ye buy sugar, rice, tobacco, and, above all, cotton! Ye hypocrites—ye abuse the devil, and then fall down and worship him! Ye hypocrites—ye New England hypocrites—ye Old England hypocrites—ye French hypocrites—ye Uncle Tom's Cabin hypocrites—ye Beecher hypocrites—ye Rhode Island Consociation hypocrites. O! your holy twaddle stinks in the nostrils of God, and he commands me lash you with my scorn, and His scorn, so long as ye gabble about the sin of slavery, and then bow down to me, and buy, and spin cotton—and thus work for me as truly as my slaves. O! ye fools and blind—fill ye up the measure of your folly and blindness, and shame. And this ye are doing. Ye have, like the French infidels, made *reason* your goddess, and are exalting her above the Bible. And in your Unitarianism and Peology, and all modes of infidelity, ye are rejecting and crucifying the Son of God."

Now, my brother, this controlling Slave Power is a world-wide fact. Its statistics of bales counts by millions, Its tonnage counts by hundreds of thousands. Its manufacture is reckoned by the workshops of America and Europe. Its supporters are numbered by all who must thus be clothed in the world. This tremendous power has been developed in great measure by the abolition agitation, controlled by God. I believe, then, as I have already said, that God intends one of two things. He either intends to destroy the United States by this Slave Power, or he intends to bless my country and the world by the unfoldings of His wisdom in this matter. I believe He will bless the world in the working out of this slavery. I rejoice, then, in the agitation which has so resulted, and will so terminate, to reveal the Bible, and bless mankind.

Your affectionate friend!
Rev. A. Blackburn. F. A. Ross.

Selections.

WHAT THEY MEAN TO DO, AND WHAT THEY PROMISE NOT TO DO.

[In the debate on Toombs's Kansas bill, in the Senate, July 2d, Hon. HENRY WILSON, in reply to a question from Mr. REID, of North Carolina, made the following statement as to what the Republicans mean to do, and what they promise *not* to do.]

MR. PRESIDENT, we Yankees have the reputation of answering a question by asking another. I did not know before that that was a characteristic of any portion of the people of North Carolina. I submitted a very plain question to the Senator from North Carolina, and he answers by putting a question to me. I have answered his question. Now he submits another. I give a frank and plain answer to that. I told him I would not vote for the admission of Kansas into this Union as a slave State. I do not ask the Senator from North Carolina to vote to admit Minnesota, or Oregon, or Nebraska, as free States. If he votes against them, I shall not threaten to dissolve the Union. Now, sir, I deprecate altogether these threats about the Union. The Slave Power governs the country. It has governed it for more than half a century, and it may govern for years to come, but I shall stay in the Union—Massachusetts will stay in the Union. If you defeat us—if you carry out your schemes—we will submit to it, and we will fight on and work on until we change the public sentiment of the country, until we attain a majority in Congress, and a President who will carry out opinions that we believe are in harmony with the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and the genius of our Democratic institutions.

This question of slavery in America is the grand central idea of the country and of this age. If Senators imagine that anything that can be done in this or the other House of Congress, at this session or at any session, is to make peace in this country between the great contending powers of freedom upon the one side, and slavery upon the other, they are greatly mistaken; they do not comprehend the vastness and extent of the issues. There are sixteen free States in the North, with sixteen millions of freemen, educated freemen, who are working out the most perfect equality of the masses, and the highest civilization to be found on the globe. There are fifteen slave States, with about two millions of persons interested in three and a half millions of slaves, and four and a half millions of poor whites who have no direct connection with slavery.

In every aspect in which you can examine the question, the balance is in favour of the free States, physically, morally and intellectually. I do not say this in any offensive sense. Howison, the historian of Virginia, admits that six hundred and eighty-three thousand persons in that State cannot read or write. The Governor of that State declared, during the canvass in 1855, that commerce had sailed away from Virginia—that the landlord had skinned the tenant, and the tenant had skinned the land, and that they had all grown poor together. He declared that the sedge-patches outshone the sun—that instead of feeding a thousand cattle on a thousand hills, they "had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge-patches to obtain a tough piece of steak!" Sir, by the testimony of Southern men, you can prove that, in the departments of agriculture, of commerce, of all the great manufacturing and all the great material interests of the community, the institution of slavery has weakened that section of country. It has had the same effect upon schools and the institutions of education. You have only to read the reports of the most eminent men of the South upon the subject to ascertain the fact.

Now, sir, we are opposed to slavery. We do not believe in it. We have fourteen hundred thousand square miles of territory. We maintain the doctrine that that territory is free; that it must be kept free; and that the interests of humanity, the interests of the white man, and the black man, the interests of this country, require at our hands that we should organize it into free States. We are responsible for the future of that vast domain. If we succeed, we expect you gentlemen of the South to submit to it. We do not intend to interfere with your rights, and you know that we do not. If you can defeat us—if you establish your policy of leaving this slavery to the people of the Territories—or if you establish that new doctrine, that the Constitution carries slavery wherever the Constitution goes—that slavery is the rule, freedom the exception—we will submit to it until we change the public sentiment of this country. We know that sentiment is rapidly changing. Why, sir, twenty years ago there was not a man in this Senate, or in the House of Representatives, who entertained the views which the minority here entertain to-day. We had not a State in this Union, we had not an influential paper in the Union with us. Southern Legislatures implored Northern Legislatures to pass laws forbidding persons speaking or writing against slavery. The mails were broken open. The anti-slavery men were hunted down; but, sir, they knew they were right. They resolved to appeal to the heart and to the conscience of the country; and to-day they have not less than a million and a quarter of intelligent freemen ready to vote for their principles, and the coming election will show it.

The Senator from North Carolina tells us that we want to do indirectly what we have not the constitutional power to do directly. I deny it, and deny it altogether. We do not want to do anything indirectly. We want to do this, and we mean to do it, and I believe we shall do it: we mean to prohibit slavery forever in the Territories of the United States; we mean to relieve this Federal Government from any connection with it; and we mean to banish it out of the Senate and House of Representatives. We mean to leave slavery in the States where it is, to you. You are responsible for it there. It is yours. We are against it. The moral sense of the world is against it. But we leave to the statesmen of the South, and the people of the South, the settlement of the question within their own limits; and, in my judgment, when the passions and prejudices of this conflict here shall have passed away, the people themselves will work out the ultimate emancipation of the bondman. That is my hope; that is the hope of those with whom I act.

When we adopted the Constitution of the United States, we were not responsible for slavery anywhere. If I had time, I could pass on from 1789 up to this time, and show you act after act, under almost every Administration, in which you have connected us with, and made us responsible for, slavery. This legislation has been in violation of the policy adopted by the framers of the Constitution, and the men who inaugurated this Government. Go back and undo this; disconnect us from slavery; put no responsibility on us; and then our consciences and our judgments will be clear. If slavery is wrong, as I believe it to be—and I believe it to be a crime against man, and a sin towards God, and I believe that to be the sentiment of the people of the free States—but it is not our crime; it is not our sin.

The time for such a threat as the Senator from North Carolina has made, to have an effect upon the people, has passed away. I thank God these idle menaces have passed away forever. They commenced in 1790, in the first debate in the House of Representatives on the slavery question, and have been repeated from that time to this. This Government lives in the affections of the people, and threats here will not disturb it. I assure the Senator from North Carolina that threats to dissolve this Union will have no effect whatever upon me, or upon those who act with me here, or upon the patriotic States and people we have the honour to represent. Sir, Southern men threatened, for sixty days, in the House, to dissolve the Union if the "Black Republican" from Massachusetts should be chosen Speaker. When that act was consummated, Governor Aiken, the Representative from the birth-place of secession, nullification and disunion, asked of the House the honour of conducting his rival to the chair. Sir, when Fremont is placed in the executive chair, I expect to see these honourable Senators vieing with each other in doing honours to the chief of the "Black Republican" party.

THE SOUTH NOT A FREE COUNTRY.

[Extract of Hon. B. F. WADE's Speech, in the United States Senate, July 2d.]

THE Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Thompson] asked us yesterday what we meant by the Slave Power? He looked around with an air of triumph, as if he had found a slang phrase which really meant nothing. He asked us to define what we meant by the "Slave Power" which he heard so much talked of. He explained it himself in the next breath, for he went on to tell us that in the slave States not one-fifth of the white inhabitants own slaves. If he had said one-tenth, he would have been nearer right; but, taking his own admission, not more than one-fifth of the entire free population of the Southern States have any interest in the institution of slavery. What are we to infer from that? By the Slave Power, I mean that power which reigns and domineers over four-fifths of the people of the South; which rules them with a rod of iron; which gags the press; which restrains the liberty of speech; which makes it perilous even for you, men of the South, to go home and proclaim the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, though you may believe in those doctrines in your hearts. You dare not do it. I do not blame you, for the fact is that one-fifth have triumphed over all the rest, gagged them, and prescribed what they shall say and do on the subject. The South is not a free country. The policy of this Slave Power has molded and controlled the Government ever since its foundation, and it always threatens dissolution of the Union if an attempt is made to check its absolute dominion. This, sir, is the Slave Power, and it is felt in every corner of the Republic.

Gentlemen frequently talk to me as if I were interfering in a matter that does not concern me. This is a charge which I do not like to bear; for of all things in the world I deprecate the idea of intermeddling in other people's business. I have some interest in this question. Notwithstanding you say that you will resist all attempts to agitate certain subjects, the Constitution of the United States gives me the right to go into any of your States—to go to Richmond, or anywhere else in Virginia, or any other Southern State, and there speak for freedom as boldly as I intend to do here to-day, and with the same impunity. The fathers of the Republic were willing that any man should propagate any doctrine in which he believed, leaving the judgment of the people to correct him if he was wrong. How is the practice in point of fact? You frequently say that you are a law-abiding and Constitution-abiding people; but, sir, it would be more perilous for me to go into your States and declare what, before God, I believe to be true upon this subject of slavery than it would be to proclaim Red Republicanism in St. Petersburgh. You know it, and yet you talk of the Constitution and the constitutional rights of the South, while you deprive us of the plainest and most sacred constitutional rights.

Why, sir, a Northern man can hardly go with safety into the South to transact business entirely collateral to the question of slavery. I know a gentleman from Ohio who went into South Carolina as administrator, to wind up the affairs of an estate, not at all connected with slavery. When he got there, he was told that it was understood he was an Abolitionist, as all men who entertain my sentiments are styled, and a committee waited on him and told him he must leave the place at once. It was only by the greatest exertions of influential lawyers that he was permitted to abide in the town until his business could be transacted. Happy was he that he escaped at last without a coat of tar and feathers, or something worse. This is the law-abiding conduct of which some gentlemen talk so much and so loudly! I proclaim here boldly that, in my judgment, there is not the semblance of liberty in the Southern States—no more for the man living there than for me. I judge so from this circumstance, that the most extreme and outrageous measures in regard to this subject by the most violent men are never rebuked there, although there must be in that section, as in others, men of judgment and discretion, lovers of liberty, justice and right. If a proposition is made of the most extreme and violent character, involving the greatest outrage on the rights of men, you do not hear the voice of wisdom and justice saying, "Friends, you are going too far." No man can say this, for the reason that, if he did so, he would be denounced at once as an Abolitionist. Any man who should undertake to moderate this zeal against what they call Abolitionism would be deemed an Abolitionist himself, and would stand about the same chance that a reactionist did during the French Revolution.

I take no pleasure in proclaiming these things, although I believe them to be true. From the accumulated evidence which I receive on this subject from every quarter, I cannot doubt for one moment that the people of the South are labouring under one of the most accursed despotisms that ever settled down upon mankind, involving not only themselves but citizens of other States, who have the right under the Constitution to go there. Still, I am to be blamed as one who interferes with other men's business, because I stand here to inveigh against this state of things, and declare to you that, in the South, the guarantees of the Constitution are a mere rope of sand. When I invoke that Constitution for the protection of my right to speak, publish and print whatever I see fit, you meet me with a coat of tar and feathers, or with the halter of the hangman. Yet the South seem to suppose, that they alone are loyal to the Constitution, and they talk of us as habitual violators of the Constitution. Thus will men be blinded by interest, passion and prejudice!

My Southern friends, do I exaggerate anything? Do I state anything more than is really existing among you? When you commenced the agitation against what you call Abolitionism, I do not believe you contemplated the excesses to which it has since been driven. That the case, however, is as I have stated, I have no kind of doubt. Does any man believe that I could go into the Southern States now, and, in my poor way, make a stump-speech in favour of Fremont and Dayton, and argue the Republican platform in Charleston or Richmond with impunity? If I were to go there, would it be effectual for me to invoke the Constitution of the United States? If there be a man here who believes so, let him speak, for him have I offended. Sir, there is no such man. The Constitution has nothing to do with the rights of Northern men in your Southern States. You know that it has been entirely perverted, in these latter days, to the extension, upholding, cherishing and spreading of the institution of slavery.

THE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

From The New York Journal of Commerce.

FEW of our readers are aware of the extent to which this infamous traffic is carried on, even by vessels clearing from New York, and in close alliance with our legitimate trade, and that down town merchants of wealth and respectability are extensively engaged in buying and selling African negroes, and have been so, with comparatively little interruption, for an indefinite number of years. The fact that such a traffic exists in connection with this port, is well established; and yet, with but few exceptions, all the means that can be employed to secure the conviction of the guilty parties fail of their object—either through the cunning of well-feed lawyers, or far worse, of proper evidence—and often the vessel slips off at dead of night. More frequently the slaver eludes the United States officers by engaging in an ordinary trading voyage, and changing her destination, cargo, &c., to suit her convenience. The public officers may be well aware of her true character, and yet possess no power to detain her. So varied are the devices employed by this class of lawbreakers, to escape detection, so slyly are their movements executed, and so incessant are their endeavours, under the powerful stimulus of inordinate gain, that the services of the Government officers are in constant requisition. We are informed by the deputy United States Marshals, that they are well satisfied that at least *fifteen slave vessels have sailed from this port within the last twelve months, and three within the last three weeks!* With such audacity is the villany prosecuted, that while Marshal de Angelis was occupied about the seizure of the Braman (whose officers were on trial for engaging in the slave trade), advantage was taken by another vessel of the same character to glide down the river and escape. It is well known that, within sixty days, an old vessel was bought for $1,500, refitted and altered to a topsail schooner, loaded with logwood and whalebone, and cleared for a European port, in command of a captain who was convicted at Philadelphia, a short time since, of being engaged in slave-trading; yet there were no circumstances which would justify the issue of a warrant for her detention, though the officers entertained no doubt as to her real character and objects. It is satisfactory to know that few, if any, American merchants are directly engaged in these transactions, the principal parties being foreigners, and most of them Portuguese. There is, however, reason to believe that not unfrequently Americans share in the risks and profits of the business. The impunity with which these transactions are carried on, may be inferred from the fact, that during the last year there have been but five prosecutions for any breach of the laws relating to this matter, and of this number, the Government succeeded in procuring but one conviction, viz., the captain of the Julia Morgan. Startling as some of these facts may appear, it does not prove that this description of traffic is on the increase, but only shows that greater vigilance has been exercised for its suppression. Not long ago, Mr. Crawford, H. B. M. Consul-General in Cuba, called the attention of Mr. Crampton, at Washington, to the fact that slavers were fitted out in this city, and asking his interference to prevent the sailing of a vessel that was then nearly in readiness. In the instance referred to, Don Jose Egea left Havana for New York (as Mr. Crawford asserts), in order to purchase, through a certain house, a pilot boat or fore-and-aft schooner, capable of bringing over 500 slaves from Africa to Cuba—the vessel to be provided with water, &c., and, thus prepared, to sail from New York for her destination, where the slaves were in waiting. Mr. Crawford remarked in connection with his despatch: "Almost all the slave expeditions for some time past have been *fitted out in the United States, chiefly at New York*, where there must be some establishment, ship or outfitting, carpenter's or builder's yard, specially undertaking such business for the slavers." Most of the vessels fitted out in the United States for the slave trade *sail from New York*, but a considerable portion of them go from New Orleans, and occasionally from other ports. Here they possess every facility that can be had in other places for furthering their purposes, and the laws do not frown with such certainty of execution as to effectually forbid their infraction. For while the profits of a successful venture are so enormous, men will be found sufficiently bold and avaricious, to engage in the hazardous enterprise—trusting to their wits to avoid the cruisers, or wriggle through the meshes of the law. The vessels ordinarily selected, are of medium size, cost not more than $5,000 or $7,000, bought with the expectation that they will be destroyed when their cargo is secured and finally discharged. Traders calculate that if but one vessel out of four proves successful, they can well afford to incur all the losses involved, and assume all the risks. Negroes are readily obtained on the African Coast at from $10 to $40 per head and from $300 to $800 is readily obtained for them when landed; so that a cargo of 500 slaves, costing $15,000, or $30 per head, realizes to the venturesome trader, if sold at an average of $400 per head, at least $170,000 or $180,000, expenses deducted. It is alleged that the destruction of vessels, in the manner suggested, has a sensible effect in reducing the number of vessels adapted to the slave business to be found in the market. They are sunk, burned, or run ashore. It is but a few days since an account was published of a slaver, fully fitted up for her business, which had been forced ashore on the coast of Maryland, with her bottom perforated with augur holes, and completely abandoned. In most cases, however, the vessel lands her cargo, and is never after heard from. Only to the deep bosom of the ocean is the secret entrusted.

The manner of fitting out slavers in New York may be briefly narrated. In most cases, a suitable vessel is first selected (a fore-and-aft schooner or large sloop being preferred), and furnished with spars, rails, &c. She is then towed up the river or down the bay, and sometimes to the east end of Long Island, to avoid observation, and there supplied with whatever is needful to perfect her outfit. For instance, the Falmouth, recently condemned for being engaged in this business, was taken from Astoria to Hurl Gate, and late at night provisions, casks, boilers, and other articles were put aboard from a vessel which came alongside. Immediately after the Falmouth was towed to Hurl Gate Ferry, and the sixty-seven casks with which she was supplied were stealthily filled from a hydrant. Had a permit been obtained, as legally required, suspicion would have been excited by the large quantity of water furnished to so small a vessel. This important part of the preparation accomplished, the Falmouth was taken in tow by a steamer, about two o'clock, in the morning, so as to get off Sandy Hook by break of day. Seen there at another hour, the vessel would be liable to be boarded by the revenue officers, and asked to show her manifest; having none, she would be seized. This is the predicament in which the Braman was found, whose case has just been before our courts. On her second voyage, the Falmouth regularly cleared from the Custom House, with just a sufficient supply of provisions for an honest voyage; but, after proceeding down Long Island to Gardner's Bay, she was supplied by another vessel with provisions, large boilers, timber for a "slave deck," and bricks and lime to set the furnace. She then sailed for Africa. A revenue cutter followed in pursuit, but without success. To still further diminish the chances of detection, slave vessels no longer carry irons or shackles, as formerly, which, if found, constituted strong evidence of guilt, but employ as a substitute a kind of small nail, so made that the points stand upright when thrown down, so that in case of revolt among the negroes aboard ship, they are strewn thickly over the deck. On the Falmouth, about 600 rings and ropes were found. These are some of the devices employed to profit by the breach of laws, without incurring the penalties annexed. It is not at all unusual for foreigners to come to this port from Havana or Brazil, buy a vessel, fit her out, and sail in her themselves, employing a shrewd American captain to act either in his professional capacity or simply as a passenger, surrendering or assuming authority as previously agreed upon. In other cases, vessels engaged in a legitimate African trade, in palm oils, gums, ivory, peanuts, &c., are converted into slavers when opportunity offers. The preparation of these vessels, in the city, is necessarily conducted with the profoundest secrecy, and with, to all appearance, the most scrupulous regard for all legal requirements. The United States officers may visit the suspected vessel, without the interposition of any obstacle; but no one on board can give the slightest information. Even if arrested, the men literally know nothing. In the case of the Falmouth, all found on board were passengers, but were so strangely ignorant that they did not know where they were going, and the vessel had no owner or captain. The result was, all hands were discharged, though the vessel was condemned.

Cargoes of slaves are obtained and discharged so as to evade capture, by the exchange of preconcerted signals between the ship and shore. The presence or removal of danger is thus readily indicated by "red bunting."

It appears obvious that the slave trade, as conducted at the present time, and for many years past, must continue while the markets of Cuba are open. It is notorious that Cuban officials are often interested in its prosecution, on account of the heavy emoluments received, as the reward of their connivance. The fitting out of vessels cannot be prevented, except by making it impossible to realize the object for which it was undertaken. That this may be speedily accomplished, must be the devout wish of every philanthropist, for it

closed its future action, in any particular, or to any extent, that may be found necessary to make the triumph of Liberty complete.

The opposing, the Democratic party, seemed resolved at Cincinnati to leave the slaveholding oligarchy no room to distrust its utter subserviency to their interest. All that has ever been heartless, cruel, inhuman, demoralizing in the spirit of either of the old parties, for the last twenty-five years, seems to be concocted into the platform laid down at Cincinnati, as the basis of the Democratic party. I cannot see how a man who has any self-respect—any regard for the dearest rights of humanity, can consent to act with a party that avows such principles and intentions.

As to the rival candidates, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fremont, I know neither of them personally, but am obliged to rely, as most of their fellow-citizens must, upon the accounts that are given of them by friends and foes.

I am very willing to concede, and glad to believe, that there may be no noticable faults in the private life of the Hon. James Buchanan. But he is before us as a statesman and his public acts are well known. He has, for a long series of years, devoted himself to the service of slaveholders; and now he has given himself up, body and soul, to the justification of the Fugitive Slave law; of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; of the Border Ruffianism, which has desolated Kansas; of the suppression of all debate upon the subject of slavery in the Halls of Congress; and of the perpetuation of slavery—the well-known source of all these national woes. Mr. Buchanan stepped at once, with evident alacrity, upon the platform laid down at Cincinnati. He took no exception to any sentiment or purpose in it. He presumed not to have an opinion or a wish diverse to those expressed by his party. He renounced his personality,* and avowed himself, as it were, the embodiment of all the atrocious principles set forth in that document. Whoever, therefore, shall vote the ticket of the Democratic party, will vote not for the Hon. James Buchanan, excellent man though he may be, so much as for the impersonation of all the political and social unrighteousness, propounded in the Cincinnati platform.

Hon. John C. Fremont is a man in the prime of life, full of physical, intellectual and moral vigour. He has an opinion of his own; a reason, too, for what he thinks; and he will not be the unquestioning tool of a party. He has an individuality like Gen. Taylor and Gen. Jackson. He is distinguished above every conspicuous one of his cotemporaries, if we except perhaps Dr. Kane, for his spirit of daring enterprise, heroic courage, indomitable will in the pursuance of his object, and of calm self-reliance in the hour of utmost peril. By the death of his father, and the maternal cares of his widowed mother, Col. Fremont was, in early life, thrown upon his own resources, and was left to form his own character, and shape his own fortune. He is, therefore, one of those whom we commonly call self-made men; that means one of those who have not enjoyed the highest collegiate or academical advantages, but has been educated in the school of experience—the best of teachers, though no university has given her a Doctorate.

He has not been brought up in the hot-bed of political partyism, nor in the stew of our National Capital. He has lived much, as his name implies, in the free air of the mountain, engaged in the manly, invigorating employment of an explorer. His letters and official reports show abundantly, that he has a mind disposed to accurate observation, and capable of careful discrimination.

Indeed the labours to which Col. Fremont has been called; the hardships he has had to endure; the dangers he has been wont to encounter in his frontier life, resemble very closely those of our venerated Washington. This resemblance awakens in our bosoms the hope—aye, the belief that in the good providence of God, by similar influences, this man has been raised up to be what Washington was, *the man needed by our country in the hour of her utmost peril.*

Let us then, fellow-citizens, on this day of our nation's political birth, overshadowed as we are by dark portents of evil—let us pledge ourselves to each other and to our countrymen, that we will do all we can to inaugurate the commencement of our political regeneration. Let us pledge ourselves to do what we may, by all honourable means, to ensure the election of John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton, that we may put down the policy pursued by our General Government for the last seven years; may secure to ourselves and our countrymen everywhere a free press, free speech, a free pulpit, and especially a free Congress; that we may avert from all the uncontaminated soil on this continent the blight of slavery; exonerate ourselves from all expressed or implied obligation to assist in holding fellow-men in bondage; and in due time, by such means as are provided or allowed in the Constitution, extirpate from every part of our Republic that most atrocious system of wrong; and secure to every human being that lives within our borders, the full and equal enjoyment of all the God-given, inalienable rights of Man.

*See his speech to his fellow-citizens of Wheatland.

HEALTH OF CHARLES SUMNER.

From The Dedham Gazette, August 2.

On Wednesday we had the pleasure of meeting an old friend who has been for several years an intimate personal friend of Mr. Sumner, with whom he passed two days during the last week at Cape May. He states that Mr. Sumner, though better in some respects, is still suffering from extreme weakness, precluding at present either physical or mental exertion. In the opinion of his consulting physician his constitution, though of great natural vigour, is of the class which recover slowly from the effect of severe sickness or physical injury. In the judgment of our friend there was little or no reason for apprehending any serious permanent injury to Mr. Sumner in case he was removed from all cause of excitement, but his recovery must be a work of time.

Mr. Sumner, while at Cape May, was in the family of Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, from whom he received every possible attention. He has since left for the Alleghanies for the benefit of the mountain air. In the opinion of his physician his escape with his life was almost a miracle. He himself remarked, with great emphasis, that under God he owed his life to Dr. Perry and a good constitution.

In spite of physical debility Mr. Sumner takes the deepest interest in the affairs of Kansas and the country, and is most eager to take his seat in the Senate ere the adjournment of Congress, but his friends owe it to the country that this honourable desire should not be gratified, as the consequent excitement upon that step might cost his life.

If Mr. Sumner's life is spared, his past course and his present position give promise of a career which will rival in splendour and renown any name in the annals of American history. He has already become one of the foremost men of the present age, and his name and his sufferings are thoroughly identified with those martyrs and heroes who, in all ages, have fought valiantly for Freedom and the rights of man.

ENSLAVEMENT OF KANSAS.

From The Boston Telegraph.

The writer of the following letter is the Clerk of the Free State Legislature in Kansas. The chain accompanying the letter is six feet long and about the size of a common trace chain. At each end is a large padlock used to fasten the chain round the ankles of the victim. In the middle is a leather strap which was held in the hand of the prisoner while walking to prevent the fetter from getting entangled between his legs.

This symbol of popular sovereignty in Kansas is now at the Republican Headquarters, 251 Washington street, where any one who chooses can see it.

Boston, July 28, 1856.

Seth Webb, Jr., Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I herewith send you a chain which was fastened upon the ankles of a Free State man in Kansas, and worn by him for nearly four weeks.

The facts are these. About the 25th of May last, John Brown, Jason Brown, H. H. Williams, a Mr. Chesnut and two or three others were arrested by the U. S. Marshal, near Osawatomie, and placed in the custody of a company of U. S. Dragoons, under the command of Capt. Long and L. A. Iverson (both pro-slavery men). Iron chains were fastened upon them, and in that condition they were held as prisoners in camp for nearly four weeks. They were then driven by a company of mounted men with the fetters still upon their feet, for a distance of thirty miles, under a blazing sun and without food, when some Free State men furnished them with teams on the road to Tecumseh. They were then taken before Judge Cate and all of them except John Brown and H. H. Williams were discharged, nothing having been found against them. Against these two, an indictment for high treason was found, on the ground that they were members of the State Legislature of Kansas, and they are now confined with Gov. Robinson in camp near Lecompton.

This chain was worn by Jason Brown, of Pennsylvania, and you can show it to any one as an illustration of the means by which the people of Kansas are being subdued.

Yours, for Freedom and Fremont,

Sam. F. Tappan.

AN INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

From The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, Aug. 4th.

An amusing incident occurred in one of our most prominent Episcopal churches on Sunday morning, though, fortunately, for the credit of the congregation, the mistake which gave rise to it was confined to a small circle. An able divine from a distant part of the country occupied the pulpit, at the earnest request of the regular incumbent, and, after the usual services, took the following text from Paul's epistle to the Romans:

V. 20. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope:

21. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The word liberty, at the end of the text, gave some uneasiness at the outset among those who, it seems, could not separate the idea from Abolitionism—especially since politics appear to have entered the pulpit elsewhere—and the preacher proceeded with a brilliant discourse, showing how God had subjected us to the fetters of vanity, the passions and adverse circumstances in life, with which mankind were in perpetual warfare; and in expanding his fine conception of spiritual freedom—"the glorious liberty of the children of God"—he proceeded to answer the natural inquiry, why we could not have been born free from this vanity, &c., and been made at once free as the angels! He showed that those who had achieved spiritual freedom after the necessary sacrifices and exertion, appreciated the blessings of liberty with an intenser joy than even angels, who inherited freedom without an effort—just as the slave-born Romans received the Phrygian cap and other insignia of the freedom they achieved with a deeper appreciation of their value and greater enthusiasm than those who had received them as a birthright. The idea was beautifully elaborated, but a small number of the listeners—who had, perhaps, been sleeping through the previous portion of the discourse—mistook the preacher's object for an attempt to produce political effect, and one member rose from his seat and left the house, while one or two females lengthened their visages at the outrageous doctrine. The cream of the joke rose very richly, however, when it became known that the preacher is just on a visit from a large parish at Vicksburg, Mississippi; that this same discourse has been repeated several times by request of the intelligent planters in that vicinity, and that the preacher is also a strong believer in the expediency and necessity of slavery in that part of the country, besides favouring Buchanan for President.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

The Election Times are the Times that try men's Souls in this country, and the souls of Abolitionists as well as those of all others. It seems always as if the time had come at last when a great good might be done by doing a little wrong, and the pressure of temptation waxes stronger and stronger as the issues become more and more distinctly Anti-Slavery. If even in 1840 Abolitionists could hardly be held from going frantic, with the rest of the country, after log-cabins and hard-cider, and in 1844 their feet were scarcely stayed from being entangled with the miry Clay, and in 1848 the inducements to follow after the Van Burens in the chase they headed for the purpose of running down Lewis Cass—if at these times it seemed as if the accepted time was then and then only, and the day of salvation near and only waiting to be saluted, how much greater is the trial of their faith during this present campaign! They see that the question at issue is really one that turns on Slavery alone. They see the glorious and inspiring sight of the North fairly and squarely confronting the South on an issue directly growing out of Slavery. The candidate in the field has none of the slime of Van Buren or the deathlier stains of Clay to excite their disgust. There are no persistent ghosts of pro-slavery actions which will rise up whenever his name is mentioned. He is, beyond all peradventure, the worthiest candidate offered to the people since John Quincy Adams contested the Chair with Jackson. Why not vote for him, just this once?

And why should they vote for him? What is the objection of an Abolitionist who stands on the ground of the American Anti-Slavery Society to voting for National and State officers? Is it because they prefer being disfranchised, and that they had rather not exercise that power which is the dearest passion of an American heart? Is it because they have any prejudice against voting in the abstract? Not at all. It is only against voting in the way in which it is made requisite by the Constitution of the United States that they protest. They cannot vote for Fremont for the same reason that they cannot vote for Buchanan, because they cannot employ him to do the work he must do if he be elected. It is not the Man, Fremont, that we demur to. It is the Institutions which he incarnates and the duties he assumes to perform that we cannot away with. We do not mean to lump the two men together, when we say that our objection to the one is the same as to the other. We would not brand a man who has as yet done no notorious service to Slavery by ranking him with one whose life for near forty years has been a constant and acceptable service. We believe that the direct influence of the one, if elected, would be exercised, as far as it could be, consistently with the oath upon his soul, in behalf of what little liberty the Union has left us; while we are confident that the other would be held by no ties of humanity or of law from making haste to do the vilest work Slavery could demand at his hands. With Fremont in the White House, Kansas would be a Free State, if she be not doomed to Slavery by the cunning of the Slaveholders and the simplicity and treason of the Free State men before the election comes off; with Buchanan, all the crimes devised by Pierce and his familiars will be carried on to whatever of triumph they may lack. With Fremont for President, the felonious designs of Slavery on Cuba and Central America will be held in check; with Buchanan, they will be let slip, with all the dogs of war to back them.

But under Fremont, under the most favourable circumstances, the Constitution of the United States, that source whence have welled the waters of bitterness that have overflowed Texas and Mexico, and Kansas, and which threaten to engulf us all, the Constitution of the United States, with Slavery organized into it and protected and comforted by it, will remain in as full force as under Buchanan, and he is pledged to sustain it. To bring back the Government to the condition in which it was when Washington sent to Portsmouth, N. H., after his fugitive slave, and when he set his hand to it, with all the compromises, about which there was no doubt then, whatever ingenious ones curious gentlemen may have since evoked; to restore those halcyon days when Slavery was guaranteed against insurrection, and against invasion, and against the natural growth of the Free States by the Slave Representation and by the constitution of the Senate, is all that the best men of the Republican party propose to themselves. Of course, Colonel Fremont can propose nothing more than this to himself. He *ought* not to propose more than this, if he take the Presidency under an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. He must be the Constitutional President of the South as well as of the North. If he keep the black flood of Slavery from breaking over the dykes furnished by that fundamental law and by the laws made under it, it is all that was demanded of him. On the other hand, he must protect the rights of the Slaveholders where the Constitution has recognised and secured them. This must be so. But is this a service with which an Abolitionist of the American Anti-Slavery Society can be content, who refuses to have any part or lot in this accursed thing? Can he consent to appoint a man, by his vote, to do the services the Constitution provides for Slavery, because he will refuse to do certain others which violate or transcend it?

Suppose Colonel Fremont to be elected, how long will it be after his inauguration before his fidelity on these points will be tested? As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, fugitive slaves will be seized in Philadelphia, in New York, in Boston, in the principal Western cities. His aid and countenance will be demanded in case any of the resistance we hope such attempts would excite should ensue. Would he not afford them both? How could he refuse it? We do not imagine he would show the infamous alacrity of Pierce and make a parade of his allegiance to Slavery in the face of all the world. We believe he would hate the job and would do whatever he honestly could to shun it. But when escape was clearly impossible and he would be obliged to order the military arm of the Nation to take its part in the kidnapping, would he be found wanting? Of course, he would not. We suppose that the case presented is one which he recognises as one calling for the Constitutional interposition of the Executive. If a servile war should be raging in Virginia or Carolina, would he not put forth whatever strength the Union has, even to the uttermost, to suppress it? Of course he would. There is no way of escape for him, taking office under an oath to sustain the Constitution, which cannot be sustained without the execution of all its parts. Now, would it be any satisfaction to any Abolitionist, witnessing these things and seeing the whole force of the Union put forth, as now, to commit these crimes against God and Man which we have organized into our Nation's life, that the man that perpetrated them would refuse to commit certain other crimes which had not been so incorporated with our National being? It is the thing done and not the mode of doing it against which Abolitionism is an incarnated and eternal Protest. It is the making a man a chattel again who has made himself a man out of a chattel that we brand as a crime of the deepest dye, and not that it is done in a way that Washington and Hamilton would have sanctioned. It is the keeping four millions of human beings in brutish slavery by the crushing weight of the whole Nation, bound together by the Constitution, by its weight political, physical, moral and religious, that we denounce as the blackest and meanest of atrocities, and not that it may be done in a way of which the makers of the Constitution might have disapproved.

There is no reason why an Abolitionist, who refuses to give Slavery any political support, should make an exception in favour of this candidate. Perhaps his very virtues may make him a more dangerous man than his less scrupulous competitor. If the election of Colonel Fremont should have the effect of quieting agitation and making the North sit down quietly under the Constitutional guarantees of Slavery, surely it were better that Buchanan or Pierce reigned over us. Let not Order reign in our Warsaw, whatever else betide. But we do not apprehend this. The real value of the present political campaign is that it presents Slavery continually to the general mind of the country. The fire which is thus kindled we do not believe can be quenched or controlled by party leaders, should they wish to do so. The barrel of gunpowder will not consent to stay blown up half-way down. The wholesome explosion must come sooner or later, and it is not in the power of man or of men to hinder it. When that time comes, there may be an occasion for all of us to act politically. When the question really at issue is whether the North shall remain longer in its present state of Coalition with the South, which is misnamed a Union, then the Hour will have arrived that will call for the help of all Men. To destroy the present anomalous and fatal polity and to erect a new one uncursed by any support to tyranny, to edify a true Temple of Liberty from which the devil of Slavery shall have been utterly and forever exorcised, this is a knot worthy the interposition of God, and of men who would be co-workers with him. Let all who have accepted the Anti-Slavery Mission, without any counselling of flesh and blood, without any listenings to selfishness or ambition, reserve themselves for that day, which must come at last and may come soon, which will deliver themselves from the political mastery of the Slavemasters, and that very deliverance give speedy Freedom to every Slave under their lash.

—Our much esteemed friend, Samuel J. May, will find in the above remarks our answer to the argument by which he appears to have convinced himself that he may consistently vote for Fremont. Having presented his argument in another column, we commend the subject to the serious attention of our readers.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The Twenty-Second Anniversary of that truly noble act of the British people, by which, at a very heavy cost to the nation, all the slaves in their West India possessions, in number amounting to Eight Hundred Thousand souls, were made free—rendering the First of August, 1834, a memorable and a holy day in the Annals of Humanity, Justice and Liberty—was duly commemorated by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and the friends of Freedom in the eastern part of the State, on Friday last, at the well-known beautiful Grove in Abington, Plymouth County.

Unlike the late Fourth of July, which was wet, gloomy, and in all respects unfavourable for public gatherings, this day was bright, beautiful, and auspicious. A thin veil of clouds partially obscured the sun, and, so continuing through the day, rendered the temperature of the air comfortable and agreeable to all. At 9 a. m. a very large company, comprising delegates from Norfolk, Middlesex and Essex Counties, as well as the numerous Boston friends, left Boston by the cars of the Old Colony Railroad, and meeting with reinforcements at each station on the way, arrived at Abington Grove soon after 10; where a very numerous company, from Plymouth, Kingston, and other towns at that end of the railroad, and from all parts of Plymouth County, was found already assembled. We could not but be impressed anew with the beauty of the spot. The Grove itself, nearly surrounded by its picturesque sheet of water, the tall pines extending to the water's edge, the soft dry carpeting formed by innumerable needle-like spires shed by the pine-trees, the slight swaying and murmur of their branches in the wind, the graceful boats moving swiftly before the breeze, were all features of the scene before us, and seemed to welcome us to the duties, the hopes, and pleasures of the day. With spirits in harmony, we trust, with the beautiful scene, and gladly accepting its good omens, we had come together to dedicate one more day to the cause of Human Liberty, and, if possible, of the Redemption of our Land from the Scorn and Contempt of Ages, from the irretrievable ruin which now impends over her, and which must overtake the oppressive and impenitent Nation, not less surely than the wicked Man.

At 11 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Francis Jackson, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who proposed, from the Committee of Arrangements, the following organization:

For President—Edmund Quincy, Dedham.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Micah H. Pool, Abington; William Ashby, Newburyport; O. W. Albee, Marlboro'; David B. Bartlett, Dorchester; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Jas. M. W. Yerrinton.

Finance Committee—Robert F. Wallcut, Boston; Nath'l. B. Spooner, Plymouth; Elbridge Sprague, Abington; Briggs Arnold, Abington.

The meeting unanimously accepted the above as its officers, and the Chair was taken by Mr. Quincy, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I desire to thank you for the honour you have just done me, and to congratulate you on the return of this day, and our assembly here, in "God's first temple," under God's green trees, not like the idolatrous Jews of old, for the purpose of offering up incense to false gods, but to offer up that service which is most acceptable to God—service to our fellow-creatures rejoicing for the blessings which he has conferred upon our brethren, and strengthening our hearts, in the prospect of what he has done for others, to endeavour to procure the same blessings for our own fellow-countrymen, who are suffering under so much worse oppression than did the bondmen of the West Indian Islands.

I have said often before, that I considered it peculiarly fortunate that the First of August should come precisely one month after the Fourth of July—that we should have something to take the taste of that anniversary out of our mouths—that we may be reminded that all those who named the name of liberty have not been false—that there have been those who regarded civil liberty as including the black as well as the white—who did not regard the liberty of '76 to mean the slavery of one-sixth of the population of '56. I for one thank God for what the English people did; though we have reason to blush, to put our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, and acknowledge that we are verily sinners before them, in the light of their great example—yet we should thank God for that example which points us out so plainly not only the duty, but the safety and happiness of immediate emancipation.

The company then united in singing an original hymn, written for the day by Daniel S. Whitney.

Mr. Quincy announced that ill-health would prevent Mr. Garrison from being with us to-day, and would deprive us of his expected and ever-welcome presence. He understood that Mr. May had this morning received a letter from Mr. Garrison, which he was sure the audience would like to hear.

Mr. May read the following letter, which was listened to with the closest interest, and at the end was warmly cheered:

Boston, August 1, 1856.

My Dear Mr. May: My disappointment is ver great in not being able to be at your commemorative meeting, to-day; but, though not seriously ill, I am suffering too much bodily pain, and am too much affected by a pressure upon the brain, to make it either prudent or pleasurable for me to participate in your proceedings, or to be even only a mere witness of them. Fortunately, the presence of so many able and eloquent advocates of freedom will render my absence of no account whatever. Still, I deeply regret that I cannot listen to their stirring words, and again see the old and tried friends of our glorious movement, face to face.

With yours, my spirit will be comforted and refreshed to think of the wonderful deliverance of eight hundred thousand human beings from the most frightful bondage, of which this day is the anniversary. History records no event so marvellous and soul-thrilling, in relation to a change of human condition. All praise and honour to British philanthropy, which, against throne and parliament at home, and the whole body of West India planters, dared, single-handed, to grapple with the demoniac spirit of slavery, and, after a tremendous and long protracted struggle, succeeded in vanquishing them all—opening the prison doors, and setting every captive free beneath the British flag! Everlasting disgrace to America, which, in the face of her Declaration of Independence and the Gospel of Christ, still holds in a bondage equally cruel and degrading four millions of victims, derides all appeals to conscience and the "higher law," persists in extending her bloody sway, and planting chattel slavery as her one cherished and "peculiar institution" wherever her flag advances!

But God reigns, and is omnipotent, and, either through moral power inducing repentance, or by fire and blood in the way of Divine retribution upon the heads of the oppressors, will yet effect a greater jubilee and ransom a still more numerous host. Yea—

"The end will come—it will not wait—
Chains, yokes and scourges have their date;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday!"

Yours, to break every yoke, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr.

Andrew T. Foss, of New Hampshire, being called forward by the President, addressed the meeting in an eloquent and thorough anti-slavery speech, repudiating the Union, and showing the necessity for its overthrow.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson then addressed the meeting in a speech of great beauty and power; a full report of which, from Mr. Yerrinton's phonographic notes, we may publish hereafter.

The audience joined in singing Elizabeth M. Chandler's well-known hymn:

"Think of our country's glory
All dimmed with Afric's tears;
Her broad flag stained and gory
With the hoarded guilt of years."

Adjourned to 2 o'clock.

Afternoon.—Met according to adjournment, and joined in the hymn by George W. Putnam, written for the 1st of August.

Mr. Quincy announced that a gentleman from Kentucky was present, whom we should all welcome—the editor of the only anti-slavery paper in the State, the only anti-slavery paper south of Mason and Dixon's line—Wm. S. Bailey, editor of the *Newport* (Ky.) *News*. Mr. Bailey said that he was no speaker, he was raised a mechanic, and only attempted to talk in a plain way to plain people. He said, in 1850 we commenced the publication of an anti-slavery paper in Newport, Kentucky. Many called to advise me to say nothing about slavery, but to confine myself to the news of the day. I told them that it was for their interest as well as mine that slavery should be abolished; that I deemed slavery wrong, and should speak of it as such. Finding that they could not otherwise overcome me, they attempted to destroy my building, and press, and at length succeeded. But I raised a little money, stretched my credit, obtained new type, and began again. Samuel Pike came and established a pro-slavery paper there, and endeavoured by rivalry, by appeals to mobs, and in every conceivable way, to destroy me; but he failed, and was obliged to leave the place. Paper after paper was successively established against me, in all eight papers, and one after another failed and ceased to exist. I have had much to endure—have been frequently attacked—had many blows on my head, and there are scars on various parts of my body, but I *never was whipped*—though I have been very badly beaten! My children are six girls and four boys, and they all set types, and so we keep up the paper. Suits for slander have been brought against me, but have so far failed to break me down. We are going on to publish our paper, which now circulates about 2,800 copies, and we mean to continue it until Kentucky is a free State (great cheers), and if the Union is divided, we mean to go with the North! (Renewed and prolonged cheering.)

Mr. Phillips said we shall all feel it is a great thing to publish an anti-slavery paper in Kentucky; and if we desire to help so good a work by giving a few dollars to Mr. Bailey, we may receive his paper, or provide for it to be sent to others.

The President said we had had a good specimen of a Kentuckian; now we should hear from a *Virginian*. He introduced to the audience Rev. M. D. Conway, of Washington City, a native of Virginia.

Mr. Conway was received with great cheering, and spoke in an earnest, free and natural manner, to the great pleasure and edification of the vast audience. [This speech will appear in full hereafter.]

Mr. Quincy, in introducing to the audience, Mr. Strong, of Racine, Wisconsin, spoke as follows:

We have with us to-day, my friends, a representative from one of the youngest States over which the star of empire has hung, as it has taken its westward way, and of which I may truly say—

"Time's noblest offspring is its last."

You all remember Racine! It was from Racine that the hundred went up when the tidings reached that young city that a slave was in prison in Milwaukie. A hundred men from Racine, taking their own blacksmiths with them, proceeded to Milwaukie, formed themselves on the pier, with the blacksmiths in front, marched to the jail, took off the doors, and let the captive go free (loud cheers). It was that brave and noble action which has placed that young and generous State in a position of antagonism to the United States Government at this moment which absolutely reaches the sublime; which has made Chief Justice Smith, the man who declared the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional, and discharged Sherman M. Booth from the sentence inflicted on him by the United States Court—which has made Chief Justice Smith, of Wisconsin, the head of American law—the Chief Justice, in truth, of the United States. Would to God, my friends, we had a few more Wisconsins! Would to God that that young blood might be sent back to the old heart from which it came! Would to God that we had a few more Chief Justice Smiths; that that numerous and respectable family might have furnished Chief Justices to all the free States, our own included, and first of all! (Laughter and cheers) We only want a few such examples as this to put an end forever to the hunting of slaves in the free States; to put an end, to all intents and purposes, to all connection of the North with the South, so far as concerns the question of slavery.

But, my friends, I did not intend to make a speech, I only wished to introduce to you our friend, Mr. Strong, of Racine, Wisconsin.

Mr. Strong came to the platform, and was received with applause. He said he had come to this meeting only as a visitor and listener; he was originally a Democrat, and in 1848 went to the Buffalo Convention, when Martin Van Buren was nominated for President, and there he became a Free Soiler. He and his associates continued true to the principle of freedom, while the New York Barnburners had lapsed into their old Democratic party again. And now, said he, I have come to this meeting perhaps to be carried on to a higher position in the anti-slavery contest (cheers). I have listened attentively to-day; and if this be a disunion meeting, I can only say I have heard no sentiment uttered that I could not heartily accede to (much cheering). Mr. S. went on to say that it was time that *morality* was brought back into politics; that men, said he, who will never put the least particle of honesty into their ballots, for fear there should be a union between Church and State. We must unite politics and morality. The better and purer a man is, the more he will hate slavery. It was not the personality or the severity of Mr. Sumner's speech, but *the truth* of it which offended and stung the slaveholders.

Mr. Strong concluded his remarks as follows:

Mr. Chairman, you have paid a high compliment to the young State of Wisconsin. I hope, in the cause of reform, she may always truly deserve it. There are, perhaps, no great distinguished men in our State, to lead off the cause of freedom, but there is a healthy state of moral feeling there. If it were not for the foreign population of Wisconsin, who are at present deluded by the name of Democracy, and by prejudice against the Temperance movement, and the American movement, the whole State would be to-day almost unanimously anti-slavery. And having spent some time last Winter in Northern Illinois, I can say that the people of that section of the State utterly loathe Douglas, and are determined to redeem their State from his rule. I tell you, I think there is ten times the feeling in the State of Illinois, in regard to the approaching election, than in any State in the Union. I believe, that if Douglas had been nominated at Cincinnati, men would have turned out, hundreds of them, to have prevented his election; and the same feeling exists against James Buchanan—or rather, against the Cincinnati platform, for he says he is not James Buchanan, but the Cincinnati platform (cheers).

Wendell Phillips was received with general enthusiasm, and spoke with his wonted ability and eloquence. A full report of his speech will appear next week.

Samuel May, Jr., said: When we were gathered here last year, on this anniversary occasion, we remembered one who then lay in a Pennsylvania dungeon, for his faithful performance of a humane and brave deed—the rescuing of a woman and her two sons, whom that unjust judge, John K. Kane, sought to send back into slavery, from which they had legally been made free by being brought by their master into a free State. Now, said Mr. M., we have that woman and her boys present with us in this meeting, and participating in our joys and our proceedings to day! [Many voices—"Let us see her. Let us see them all."] Jane Johnson and her two sons came to the platform, and were heartily cheered. A contribution in their behalf was suggested, and the sum of thirty dollars was quickly collected.

Parker Pillsbury being earnestly called for, came forward, and was warmly greeted by his many Plymouth County and other friends. For some time he could scarce command his voice. Being advised by the President not to try his strength too severely by speaking in the open air, he said: My weakness now, I believe, is one less of the flesh than of the spirit. I was thinking, sir, that I could no longer speak as I used to speak. I remember that, on my first espousing the anti-slavery cause, here in Plymouth County was the scene of my earliest labours; and if I must fall, here, I thought, I could be content to cease from them. Mr. Pillsbury said he should not have come to the platform, but that he felt the duty to bear his testimony, not only against those politicians, lawyers, and Governors who had been spoken of, and most justly, as enemies to the cause of freedom, but also against those clerical and ecclesiastical bodies, those once high in church stations, who are so far guiltier than the others, and by whom battalions of unprincipled politicians are constantly being trained and instructed for the vile work of compromise and pro-slavery which they do. Mr. Pillsbury adduced several recent and most striking incidents of this clerical double-dealing, fully equalling the worst acts of political caucuses and bargain-makers.

Miss Sarah Pellett, formerly of Massachusetts, now of California, addressed the meeting. She chiefly desired to vindicate Col. Fremont from some criticisms which had been made upon him by some of the speakers, and which she deemed unjust. Miss P. spoke eloquently, and quite to the minds of many of the audience.

Rev. Edwin Thompson being called to the platform, made an eloquent and characteristic speech. He said there had been a most astonishing change in public sentiment. He contrasted these days with the former days of mobs of meetings in garrets and private houses. Now, every man that opposes this movement is killed off. He wondered that Wendell Phillips was not more hopeful. For his part he was full of hope—he thought anti-slavery had gained triumphs as fast as it could expect them, and he believed it would go on to its complete victory.

Mr. Thompson differed from Mr. Foss in the opinion that Franklin Pierce had any generosity or humanity in him. He defied any one to show the first really generous act which Franklin Pierce has ever performed.

Hon. Mr. Albee, of Marlboro', was called up, and received with hearty cheers. He spoke a few words of thanks, and expressed the deep and lasting satisfaction he should ever feel that it had been in his power, while a member of the State Legislature, to aid in crystalizing the anti-slavery sentiment of the people of Massachusetts into law, in the Personal Liberty Bill (cheers).

Although the vast audience seemed undiminished and unwilling to separate, yet, as the hour of 6 o'clock had arrived, it was necessary to close the day's proceedings, which was accordingly done by singing, to the tune of *Scots wha hae*, Alonzo Lewis's Ode, which closes thus:

"In the might of Truth we stand,
Freedom's true and fearless band;
Well we love our native land,
And it shall be free!"

The meeting then adjourned, and the multitude poured from the grove in all directions, having apparently highly enjoyed the favourable occasion, the beautiful weather, and the unusually interesting meeting; and with ardent aspirations for the Advent of Freedom, Peace, Justice, and true Nobility to our own country. It was the general testimony that never, even on the anti-slavery platform, had there been greater eloquence, or a more elevated character, in all the speeches, without exception, than on this occasion. May the good seed thus abundantly and faithfully sown in the good ground of *honest and good hearts*, spring up and bear abundant fruit, to the honour of God the great Father of all, and to the redemption, in body and in soul, of all His children, of every country and of every name.

We shall be pardoned, we trust, for referring as we do with pleasure, to the large number of our coloured citizens and friends who joined in the celebration of the day. Never, on any previous First of August, we think, have so many of them come up to this commemmorative meeting. It is indeed a day to be held by them in thankful and special remembrance, for their brethren's sake. Never let it be forgotten by them, nor by any of the true friends of freedom, until the full birth-right and blessing of personal, civil, and religious Liberty shall be possessed and enjoyed by every human being.

Edmund Quincy, President.

Samuel May, Jr., J. M. W. Yerrinton, } Secretaries.

N. B. The Finance Committee collected the sum of $103.82, for expenses of the meeting, and for the advancement of the cause.

SOUTHERN PATRONAGE.

The somerset of the *New York Herald*—a paper which has earned for itself the title of The Satanic Press—from the lowest deep of Border Ruffian Democracy into the ranks of those who support Fremont for the Presidency, has caused no little astonishment among politicians of every party. The supporters of Buchanan felt sure that, whoever else might forsake them, James Gordon Bennett, heretofore the unscrupulous advocate and tool of the Slavocracy, would give them his powerful aid; while the Republicans no more expected the cooperation of the *Herald* than they did that of the Charleston *Mercury*. There has been much speculation among the politicians as to the motives which prompted this change on the part of the *Satanic*, and also as to the effect it was likely to have not only upon the election but upon the paper itself. It has been a very common impression that the *Herald* has grown rich upon Southern patronage, and some have predicted that, as this patronage must now be withdrawn, the paper would be utterly ruined; but it is asserted by those who are most likely to understand the case, that Bennett, having a grudge against the Democracy on account of the nonfulfilment of certain promises made to secure his support of Pierce in 1852, and foreseeing the ultimate triumph of the Republican party, has embraced this opportunity to deal the former a deadly blow and to earn for himself and his paper a character for respectability which has heretofore been enjoyed by neither the one nor the other. The *Day Book*, a contemptible sheet which sprung up out of the miasmatic filth of Compromise in 1850, like a toad-stool on a manure heap, and which, by constant and scurrilous abuse of the friends of freedom, has been endeavouring, with small success, to commend itself to the regard of the South, thought that the day of its prosperity had come at last; for where else should the poor betrayed and indignant slaveholders and their Northern tools, after being compelled to repudiate the *Herald*, look for a champion, but to the disinterested and patriotic *Day Book*? The editor noticed the *Herald's* change in these terms:

"Bennett's *Herald* is fast losing subscribers since the unacconntable whim that carried it over to the Black Republican cause.

"Perhaps Mr. Bennett will see the day when he will repent that he turned traitor to all his former professions, and rue the time when he commenced abusing the South and the Democratic party. He may find that niggerism, though good for the *Tribune* readers, will nauseate too many of the *Herald's* old subscribers to make it profitable for him to administer. The Democrats have but to change their patronage from the *Herald* to a paper of their own, and it will take, during the next three months, ten thousand dollars out of his pocket."

To this the *South Carolina Times* responded as follows:

"The opinion of the *Day Book*, as expressed above, will receive very little countenance in the South, and especially in South Carolina. The readers of the *New York Herald* will continue to patronise it, without any regard to the shifting or Abolition sentiments which may appear in its columns against the institutions and people of the South. The truth is, we have more Abolitionists at heart residing in the South than most persons are aware of. Let them feel that they will be safe, and many that are now regarded good and true friends of the South and her institutions would be found not only constant readers and devoted patrons of the *Herald*, but ready to espouse its teachings and advocate its principles, purely in opposition to the at present seeming prevailing sentiment of the South.

"We have very little, if any, confidence in Northern politicians, journalists or preachers. They are not to be trusted, and we doubt not that the New York *Day Book* would, if a sufficient sum were offered, soon take position and lead in the unholy war which is being waged against the South and her institutions, notwithstanding its efforts to impress upon her people that it runs with the hare."

The *Day Book* will see in this the evidence that the slaveholders understand and appreciate the motives by which it is inspired. They may love its treason, but they despise the traitor, and will give it no other than a traitor's reward.

But how about the *Herald's* Southern patronage? Has it fallen off or increased in consequence of the recent change in its course? Here is the editor's own answer, in which he discloses some very instructive facts as to the relative amount of patronage which he has received from the South and the North respectively.

"The idle stuff promulgated by the shallow politicians attached to the Buchanan staff, as to the *Herald's* losing subscribers in Philadelphia and the South in consequence of the course it has recently pursued, scarcely deserves a reply. The circulation of the *Herald* never was so large as it is at this moment. If we had the requisite machinery, which is now making for us by Messrs. Hoe & Co., instead of the 70,000 daily copies which we are at present printing, we would soon reach 100,000 a day.

"With regard to the alleged alteration in the character of our circulation, we can state with perfect truth that the recent course of the *Herald*, instead of diminishing, *has rather increased the number of our subscribers in the South.* The circulation of the *Herald* in the South was never but a very small part of its support, as it will always be but a small part of the support of any Northern paper. For the last ten or fifteen years our *circulation in Boston and Massachusetts alone has been equal to the whole of our circulation in the Southern States.* The truth is that the Northern States are the great newspaper readers."

The *Herald* also tells us *why* it supports Fremont, and for what purpose it means to "use the Black Republican rascals" with whom it is at present associated:

"We are inclined towards Fremont, because he is a new man, untrammelled by pledges or antecedents, unimpeachable both as regards his personal and political character, and opposed to all the corrupt parties and politicians who have hitherto had the administration of our affairs. We look upon him the more favourably because we believe that with him as President there will be more chance of carrying out those administrative reforms which all must adm

there was any chance to get off. Lot replied that he reckoned there was, if they could keep still and make no fuss. Tom then agreed to give him $50 to aid them in escaping to New York, and he put them into the chain-box.

"Both negroes said they were satisfied with their previous condition here, and had no expectation of living more at ease at the North. Tom declared that they merely wanted to go to New York for a frolic, and Martin said he had no thought of going, until his companion persuaded him into it. A letter, written by Mr. McFarland's niece to a friend in New York, was found in Martin's possession. He had been directed to take it to the post-office, but probably entertained the hope of delivering it in person. He had no money.

"Lot Munday was remanded to jail to be tried before the Court of Hustings in August next. He has a white wife and two children in New York, though he is about the blackest negro we have ever seen. Tom and Martin were detained as witnesses."

We learn, since the above was in type, that several white friends of Munday have gone to Richmond to intercede in his behalf. We hope they may be successful.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION BY THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND WILLIAMSBURG.

THE coloured people of New York and vicinity celebrated the Anniversary of West India Emancipation on Friday, August 1st, by a steamboat excursion to Rossville, Staten Island, and a public meeting in Marshall's Grove at that place. Some seven or eight hundred people went down in the boat, and many came from Rossville and neighbourhood.

George Levere called the meeting to order about one o'clock, when the following persons were chosen officers of the meeting: JOHN J. ZUILLE, President; Rev. WM. SPELMAN and Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Vice-Presidents; FRANCIS W. HOPPER and T. G. CAMPBELL, Secretaries. Eloquent addresses were made by Messrs. W. J. Wilson, W. Spelman, James Scott, Jeremiah Powers, Tunis G. Campbell, and others. The following resolutions were read by the President and unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That although Great Britain was foremost among the oppressors of our race, she has been foremost in awarding the justice of liberty to all the oppressed within her dominions, and that her act of emancipation was alike a glorious evidence of wisdom, sound policy and humanity, as well as a pointed example to the people of these United States, of the safety of immediate and unconditional emancipation.

2. Resolved That, whilst we honour the pride and enthusiasm of the people of Great Britain in compelling the Parliament to remove the stain of slavery, we must regret the squandering of the people's money, in the sum of twenty millions of pounds, to satisfy the unjust demands of the West India Shylocks.

3. Resolved, That the cause of Freedom is ever onward—but its surest and firmest progress is with those "who would be free," and who "themselves" "strike the blow" for their own liberty, who demand freedom in the name of Justice—who are restive under oppression, and cannot be made easy under the yoke of bondage.

4. Resolved, That we congratulate that provisional Government of France, which, under the lead of the noble and patriotic Lamartine, honoured their country by declaring unconditional freedom to all the people of the French West India Islands, without compensation—without sacrifice of principle, and gave them the rights and privileges of freemen.

5. Resolved, That, in view of all that has taken place since the enslavement of our race began—now more than three hundred years—and in view of all that is now taking place, if we, the coloured people of this country, are true to ourselves, the time is not far distant when on this question there will be no occasion for the "bludgeon" representative of slavery to steal his way with dark confederates to strike down the unarmed Senator of Freedom—but that everywhere through the land, in every State in the Union, every voice that shall be heard will be the voice of a free man or a free woman, rejoicing that liberty is the birthright of every human being that breathes the air on American soil.

6. Resolved, That the coloured people of the State of New York, whilst they meet to celebrate the day of Emancipation of the people of the West Indies, and whilst they appreciate that act in its grandeur, are not unmindful of the act for liberating the bondmen of this State; that they honour the memory and the names of Tompkins and Jay, and Hamilton and Curtis; and hereby pledge themselves to renewed exertions for their own elevation in respect of education, morality, progressive industry, in securing the suffrage right unrestricted, in untiring labour for the freedom of their brethren in bonds—and thus to hasten the day when the limbs of every bondman "shall swell beyond the measure of his chains," and each man, woman and child "shall stand forth redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," in the strength of their humanity and with songs of praise honouring God.

The assembly separated at 5 o'clock, with cheers for Freedom in the West Indies, Free Speech, &c.

KOSSUTH COMING TO HIS SENSES.

EVERY Abolitionist remembers with indignant sadness the career of Kossuth in the United States, and how, seduced by treacherous promises of aid for Hungary, he consented to wear a padlock on his mouth, to be silent in relation to the unfathomable wrongs and outrages of slavery, and to endorse slaveholders and their tools as Democrats and genuine friends of liberty! In vain did Abolitionists warn him that thrift would *not* follow hypocrisy; that the promises of slaveholders and doughfaces would never be fulfilled; that the Slave Power was flattering only to deceive and betray him. In vain did they entreat him, for the love of God, for the sake of prostrate Hungary, and for the cause of Liberty, the same in all countries and in every clime, not to sully his own fame by fraternizing with the meanest of all despots, but to be true to himself and the hopes inspired by his previous career, in lifting up his voice against the crime of American slavery. With the fatuity which is always the precursor of a fall, he turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties and remonstrances, and accepted as his counsellors the representatives and the tools of the Slave Power! And what was the result? Just what the Abolitionists predicted. The promises of aid for Hungary, by which he was tempted to swerve from the path of rectitude and honour, were all unfulfilled, and he went back to Europe a sad and disappointed man. To this day, however, he has never had the magnanimity openly to confess that he was wrong and to implore of outraged Liberty forgiveness for betraying her cause. When Mazzini, some two years since, wrote a letter condemning American slavery and commending the Abolitionists for their consistency and fidelity, Kossuth sought to allay the excitement of the slaveholders by assuring them, in a letter to George Sanders, that the champion of Italy did not mean what he said, that he *could* not have intended to give offence to the fillibustering, slave-driving Democracy of the United States! But the game is at last played out, and the ex-Governor of Hungary, finding himself completely duped and disgraced, gives signs of repentance, of a determination, at least, to follow no longer the fortunes of his betrayers. Read the following precious confession, from the pen of Francis Pulszky, Kossuth's other self, a member of his suite while in the United States and his confidential friend since his return to Europe. It is from a letter to *The Tribune*, of which Mr. Pulszky is the European correspondent.

LONDON, Tuesday, July 22, 1856.

As it may perhaps interest you to know the views of European statesmen on the present momentous crisis in American affairs, which is to be decided by the Presidential election, I hasten to communicate some facts that speak for themselves. * * * In regard to the leaders of the Democratic party, there cannot be any doubt about the feelings of the French refugees. Ledru Rollin, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and Schoelcher were the very first to abolish Negro slavery wherever it still existed in the French colonies. The French Republicans never hid their hatred of slavery, and having had no opportunity of conversing with American Democrats, always thought it a libel on Democracy to call the rule of slaveholders by that fair name. Besides, who has not seen American Democrats most eager to pay their respects to all the crowned tyrants of Europe, exulting if they can get an invitation to a ball at the Tuileries? The Italians remember too well the conduct of Mr. Cass, Jr., at Rome, who kept his credentials in his pocket as long as the Roman Republic lasted, but immediately presented them, when the Pope had returned with his Cardinals and his foreign supporters. Mazzini has emphatically and often denounced the crime of slavery in the United States, and of course never believed in the immaculate conception of Slavocracy. As to Kossuth, he was in a peculiarly delicate position in America. The Congress which had invited him from Asia to America was a Democratic one. It was Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who had introduced the resolution to send a war-frigate to Turkey for the Hungarian patriots, and Mr. Webster and Gen. Cass always behaved with the greatest kindness toward him. He therefore remained silent on the terrible curse of the great Republic, which fetters its energies and neutralizes its power and weight. Still, how could he have forgotten the contrast between his triumphant progress through the North, the ovations of New York, Ohio and Massachusetts, and his silent tour through Georgia and the Carolinas, where no hand was ever stretched out to greet him? His friends are the Sewards, the Wilsons, the Burlingames, the Bankses. There is no name prominently connected with Kossuth's reception in the Northern States which is not now among the leading Republicans; while Toombs and Stevens violently declaimed against him, and the Northern Doughfaces, Douglas at their head, but too clearly tried to make political capital out of him. With the exception of Geo. Sanders and Col. Preston, the warm-hearted, impulsive Kentuckians, and some gentleman at Mobile, no slaveholders ever sympathized with Kossuth, or did him any service. American Democracy, founded upon slavery, has an instinctive repulsion against freedom all over the world, and therefore its big declamations and speeches for Buncombe are at a discount everywhere. America wants a thorough regeneration, through Freedom and Fremont, and the good wishes of all worshippers of Liberty are with the Republicans of the United States. The struggle is to be fought against fearful odds. May it result in the triumph of Truth and Liberty!

POLITICS.

It is currently reported, and is quite easy to believe, that Col. Fremont is constantly receiving applications for office, in case he shall be elected, from all parts of the South.

——Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, whose political course in the present Congress has been somewhat tortuous, has at last come out for Fremont and indicated a wish to retire to private life—a wish, we suspect, which the majority of his constituents will be willing to gratify.

——The few returns received from Missouri indicate the election of Old Bullion as Governor by a plurality over the "regular" Democratic and the Know-Nothing candidates. F. P. Blair, Jr., anti-Nebraska Democrat, is elected to Congress from the St. Louis District by a large majority over Kennett, the present Border Ruffian member.

——The Sage of Kinderhook, in the face of the recent renewal of his vows of allegiance to the Slave Power, gets the following complimentary notice from the Richmond *Whig*:

"If there is a man within the limits of the Republic who is cordially abhorred and detested by intelligent and patriotic men of all parties at the South, that man is Martin Van Buren."

——John Mitchel, whose longings for "a plantation well stocked with fat slaves" revealed the selfishness and hypocrisy that had ruled his course as the professed champion of Irish liberty, has come out with a letter, intended to induce his fellow-immigrants from the Emerald Isle to support the cause of slavery and Border Ruffianism by voting for Buchanan and Breckinridge. The white slaves will no doubt obey the voice of their overseer.

——Senator Toombs, of Georgia, in a recently published letter, uses this language: "Our danger is not from abroad; it is at home. The election of Fremont would be the end of the Union, and ought to be. The object of Fremont's friends is the conquest of the South. I am content that they shall own us when they conquer us, but not before." Of course the Union-saviours of the North will deem this threat of a Southern Senator to "let the Union slide" an exhibition of the purest patriotism.

——Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Representative in Congress from the St. Joseph's District, Indiana, and one of the bravest and truest friends of freedom in that body, has been unanimously nominated for reëlection. His speech exposing the transcendent wickedness of the laws enacted by the Border Ruffian Legislature of Kansas is something more and better than a mere electioneering document. It is a chapter of American history which illustrates, perhaps, more clearly than any other, the dark and damning spirit of slavery.

——The two wings of the Sham Democracy, the Hards and Softs, which have warred relentlessly against each other for the last eight years, assembled, each in separate Convention, at Syracuse, on the 30th ult., and, after going through with certain well understood preliminaries, "mingled into one," like two "kindred drops" of very dirty water. They afterwards made the following nominations: For Governor, Amasa J. Parker; for Lieut.-Governor, John Vanderbilt; for Canal Commissioner, John L. Russell; for State Prison Inspector, Matthew Brennan; for Electors at Large, Addison Gardiner, David L. Seymour.

——Hon. E. C. Cabell, formerly Whig member of Congress from Florida, has addressed a letter to the Democratic candidates for Presidential Electors, proposing a plan by which the votes of that and other slaveholding States may be cast either for Buchanan or Fillmore, according as they may be necessary to secure the election of the one or the other. The argument is, that the South should merge all differences for the sake of defeating Fremont. At present it seems probable that the vote of the South will be divided, some two or three States going for Fillmore, whose friends think, or pretend to think, that he will also carry several Northern States. We shall not wonder if this plan is adopted.

——The Southern Democrats affect to distrust the soundness of Fillmore on the slavery question, and urge the support of Buchanan as the only means of salvation for the peculiar institution. To meet such objections, the following letter was written by Senator Crittenden:

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1856.

DY DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of the 4th of July, I reply that neither during his administration nor any time did he ever say to me, or in my hearing, "that the Fugitive Slave law was unconstitutional," or anything to that effect. Neither is it true "that it was only by your (my) urgent solicitation, as his adviser, that he could be induced to sign the bill." For the purpose, as I supposed, of acting, and showing that he acted, deliberately and advisedly on so important a subject, he required me, as the law officer of the Government, to give my opinion in writing in regard to the constitutionality of certain clauses of the bill, and I did so. I believe that he also consulted, as usual, all the members. This was done, no doubt, out of respect for his Cabinet, and to secure to his conduct the highest sanction which the advice of his Cabinet counsellors could give. All the members of the Cabinet, I believe, advised in favour of the bill, and, in so doing, all concurred, as I understood, in the President's own opinion on the subject.

There was no urgency or solicitation to Mr. Fillmore to sign the bill, that I know of. I certainly used none, nor did I ever suppose that any was necessary. Mr. Fillmore, I have no doubt, signed that bill freely, and in obedience only to his own convictions and sense of duty.

The above will afford you, I hope, sir, a full answer to your inquiries, and I have the honour to remain,

Very respectfully, yours, &c., J. J. CRITTENDEN.

——Some distressed slaveholder in Georgia, calling himself an "old line Whig," makes a piteous appeal to James Gordon Bennett, of *The Herald*, to abandon the support of Fremont and come out for Buchanan. After asserting that "Providence has ordained that the world shall be Christianized"—that this "cannot be done until the world is clothed, and this can only be done with cotton"—that "cotton can only be raised in climates in which white labour cannot live"—that "the day is not far distant when the world will require ten million bales of cotton," and that to raise this, destiny requires that we should have Mexico and Central America, the writer says:

"I have never been a supporter of Mr. Pierce, but I can, with great pleasure, vote for Buchanan. For the love of God, the liberty and happiness of the human race, discard the sectional candidate, aid the national one, and thereby bring your country and the human family under lasting obligations to you. I believe it is in your power to do more good than any living man. I will further say that no cause will justify your not doing it. Mr. Buchanan, I trust in God, will be elected, anyhow; but with your powerful aid his election will be overwhelming over all the factions. I will only add, no office in the power of the President would be too much for such services as you can render, if you should wish it. I am mistaken in Mr. Buchanan's noble character if it would be withheld."

The *Herald*, replying to this and to the threats of secession in case Fremont should be elected, uses the following language, which we commend to the attention of those who think a political millennium will be sure to follow the triumph of the Republican party:

"His [Fremont's] platform may not be quite so attractive to Southern secessionists as that of Mr. Buchanan or that of Mr. Fillmore. But Presidential platforms are Presidential cheats. They amount to nothing. Look at that of Polk—54 40; look at that of Pierce—"No further agitation of slavery." Our only reliance is the man, and our only guarantees his past history, instincts, education and associations. In this view we have shown that neither Fillmore nor Buchanan are anything more than temporizing politicians; and Mr. Toombs need not be told that their instincts, education and associations are those of Northern men. On the other hand, Fremont was born in the South, educated in the South, and all those associations and instincts which enter into the fixed character of the man, in the case of Fremont, belong to the South. He may be opposed, like Mr. Clay, to the extension of slavery into free territory; but let him reach the goal of the Presidency, that highest aspiration of the American, and let him thus be free from the partisan divisions of a Presidential canvass, and we dare say that the South will find him, from his early instincts, education and associations, true to their constitutional rights, and his administration of that broad and general character which covers the whole Union."

FIRST OF AUGUST.—This anniversary appears to have been observed this year in a larger number of places than usual. The official report of the Abington (Mass.) celebration, and a notice of that of the coloured people of this city and vicinity will be found in our columns to-day. The day was also observed at Hopedale, Mass., where a large concourse of people met in a grove and listened to addresses by Adin Ballou (who also presided on the occasion), Rev. S. S. Hunting of Brookfield, Rev. B. F. Bowles of Natick, Stephen S. Foster and others. The Hopedale Glee Club discoursed appropriate music. A series of appropriate resolutions was offered by Mr. Ballou and adopted.

At Cummington, Mass., as we learn from the *Northampton Courier*, five hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled in the morning at the Baptist Church, where a procession was formed, under the lead of Bryant's Band of Worthington, and proceeded to a splendid maple grove, which had been fitted up for the occasion. Mr. Nelson Brown presided, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Longley of Peru. Then followed an oration, an hour in length, from that eloquent champion of freedom, C. C. Burleigh. Mr. Longley then made an able speech, arraigning the timid, the sluggish, and the lukewarm in the cause—the church, the minister, the layman—administering to them a just rebuke. An allusion to Fremont was responded to by hearty cheers. After a pic-nic dinner, a number of toasts were read by Francis Dawes, Esq. Other sentiments were offered by Alden Tower and Alfred Clapp. H. Ryland Warriner, late of Philadelphia, then made an effective and happy speech, abounding in good hits and eloquent appeals. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Todd, of South Deerfield, and Rev. Mr. Dickinson from Vermont. Mr. Longley again addressed the meeting, arraigning Millard Fillmore, the *New York Observer*, and all lower-law men as practical Atheists. He said they denied God by asserting the supremacy of the Fugitive Slave law. After a brief speech by Daniel S. Whitney, the company again formed in procession and marched to the ground in front of the church, where, after listening to a few closing remarks by Mr. Burleigh, a song beautifully and impressively sung by Mrs. Vining of Williamsburg, three cheers each for Mr. Burleigh, the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the Celebration, and three more for the three combined, the company dispersed, it being about 5 o'clock. The demonstration throughout was eminently successful, and all present returned to their homes highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

THE RUFFIANS RE-ELECTED.—Preston S. Brooks, the cowardly and brutal assailant of Sumner, and his scarcely less guilty colleague, Lawrence M. Keitt, both of South Carolina, who resigned their seats in Congress on account of the votes of censure passed upon them by the House, have both been *unanimously* reëlected. Turn to the first page and read their letters to their constituents, in which, with brazen front, they glory in their ruffianism and ask to be elected or condemned according as the voters approve or disapprove of their conduct. The fact that not even one vote was cast against them shows clearly enough that South Carolina deliberately approves of the cowardly and murderous assault upon Mr. Sumner. The *Journal of Commerce*, *New York Observer*, and other champions of Border Ruffian Orthodoxy at the North, have tried to make their readers believe that the South generally disapproved of the assault. What will they say now? A letter to the first named of these journals significantly says that Brooks and Keitt had no opponents, "as it would be considered dishonourable for any gentleman to oppose them, and *even, perhaps, dangerous.*" They do not have the ballot in South Carolina, and woe to the unfortunate individual who presumes to vote contrary to the will of the wealthy planters. Bowie-knives, pistols and gutta percha canes await him.

The Edgefield (S. C.) *Advertiser* says:

"Whatever may be the strength of Brooks's vote, it is perfectly certain that his whole constituency sympathize with and applaud his spirited course of conduct. They not only believe that the castigation of Charles Sumner was entirely justifiable, but they take pride in pointing to their own gallant representative as the man who inflicted it. It is not a mere cold indorsement on their part, but an active, warm, demonstrative approval. We have ourselves heard hundreds of his constituents speak of the whole affair with the quivering lip and flashing eye of a most cordial sympathy. No one have we seen who ever *seemed* to think it wrong. For Edgefield especially we speak with emphasis. She says to her member, '*Well done, good and faithful servant*'; if necessary, she would add, '*Hit 'em again.*' And she wishes it to go out to our *enemies* at the North, in a manner palpable and unmistakable, that her noble son is more cherished than ever for the righteous blows he has so resolutely laid on in defence of South Carolina's fame and Senator Butler's honour. She approves; she applauds; and now she exults in returning her representative immediately and unanimously to the Congress in which he has stood forth before the country as a true gentleman and a high-souled patriot."

On the day of the election the sum of $600 and over was contributed by the voters to pay the fine and expenses to which Brooks had been subjected! After his resignation, Brooks went to the White Sulphur Springs, where, among the chivalry of the South, he was quite a lion, having to undergo an introduction to several hundred guests. When leaving, he called for his bill, and was informed that his financial matters had been attended to by the guests, and that a private carriage and an escort awaited him without. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs in honour of South Carolina and her "chivalrous" representative.

THE PRESIDENT WITH THE BLOODY HANDS!—In the debate upon Toombs's Kansas bill, in the Senate, July 2d, Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts thus alluded to the President and his relations to the Democratic party. The passage deserves to be placed on record as an example of the sort of plain speaking which has won for Mr. Wilson the admiration of his constituents.

"I am opposed to this bill for another reason. I will not trust the present President of the United States in anything relating to Kansas. He has shown no evidence that he ought to be trusted by the friends of free Kansas. The Senator from Georgia has passed a eulogium on him to-night. He has told us how he was taken up early by his native State, and how he was sustained and supported; but he did not tell us how the Democratic party, in its late National Convention, rewarded him for all his fidelity to slavery. Sir, you can cover your victim with garlands now. He has performed your work. He asked you to sustain him by re-nominating him. He went into your Cincinnati Convention with the blood of the murdered people of Kansas dripping from his hands—with the lurid light of the sacked and burning dwellings of Kansas flashing upon his brazen brow. There he stood before you, your willing agent—your obedient tool. You averted your faces from him—you served him as you had served other and better men. You flung him away like a worthless thing. Sir, I do not want that cast-off man to have any more power to control the future of Kansas. He gave to Kansas Shannon, Woodson, Lecompte, Cato, Donaldson, Calhoun, Clark, and their confederates—the vile tools of tyranny—the fit associates of border ruffians. Of his appointees in that Territory, one only has been true to freedom; the others have been the agents for persecuting the Free State men, and making Kansas a slave-holding State. His power, his influence, his patronage, have been given to slavery. He could have given peace to Kansas, and saved the Territory from civil war, if he desired to do so. He did not do so. So shameless has been his conduct, that you dared not re-nominate him.

"I will not trust the man you have flung aside. You ask that Franklin Pierce shall appoint a commission to go to Kansas, and decide who are and who are not legal voters. I vote for no bill that puts power in his hands red with the blood of the murdered people of Kansas."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—The University is located in Ann Arbor, on the Michigan Central Railroad, thirty-eight miles west of Detroit. This town, containing about 5,000 inhabitants, is remarkable for the beauty of its situation, and the salubrity of its climate. Three College buildings, one of which belongs to the Medical Department, and four dwelling houses for Professors, are situated in a beautiful Campus containing forty acres. The Observatory building is erected on a hill about one-third of a mile north-east of the Campus, and in sight of the railroad.

The University consists of three departments.

1. Literature, Science and Arts. 2. Medicine and Surgery. 3. Law. The first two are in operation. The appointment of Professors in the last department is contemplated at no distant day. The plan of the University comprises also a higher course of instruction in the first department, to be given by lectures.

The Institution is supported by a fund arising from the sale of lands donated by the General Government for this purpose, at the time Michigan was admitted into the Union. Hence there is no charge made for tuition in any of the departments.

There are at present eighteen Professors connected with the University. The whole number of students during the last year was three hundred and three. The term begins on the first of October. For further particulars address the President.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—The Senate has confirmed the nomination of John W. Geary as Governor of Kansas. Of this appointment and the motives which dictated it the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"The appointment was tendered directly to Gen. Denver of California and declined, and it is said that offers were made to others with as bad luck. Experience has taught men to shun an office in which nominal authority is made to be the instrument of sinister designs, which they can neither appreciate nor oppose. Finally, it was determined, as a stroke of policy, to confer the honour on some known friend of Mr. Buchanan, that the Administration might escape the responsibility of any future troubles in the Territory. The Democratic candidate, therefore may be regarded as answerable for whatever policy may now be inaugurated, for his inspirations will be considered the law at Washington on this point until November."

The correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* says:

"The appointment of Col. John W. Geary to be Governor of Kansas is a concession to Pennsylvania, and proves the imminent danger of the Democracy in that State. Col. Geary is a Democrat of the Pharisaic order, who has been a good soldier, fought well in Mexico, and is devoted to Jeemes Buchanan, to use the pronunciation of the late lamented John Barbour, of Virginia. It will be the effort of Col. Geary to practice on the soothing system in Kansas, so as to advance Buchanan's prospects. The pretense that will be stated for the dismissal of Shannon is, his proclivity to strong drink, just as it was pretended that Gov. Reeder was removed for his land speculations. There is not much feeling in the Pennsylvania Democracy, but they have been a little sulky for a year past over Gov. Reeder's dismissal. The real cause of Shannon's disgrace is, that he has so utterly disgusted the Free States that the party cannot carry his weight.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR., whose faithful and efficient services, for many years past, as the General Agent of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, have endeared him to the friends of the cause, has made arrangements to spend two weeks or more in Eastern Pennsylvania, in attending meetings under the direction of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society. He will commence his labours at Eastland Hall on Sunday next. Mr. May is a forcible and impressive speaker, and few men in our ranks are more thoroughly posted up in all that pertains to the cause. We hope our Pennsylvania friends will spare no effort to give him large audiences and an attentive hearing.

IT will require more than one Summer recess to ventilate the church on Madison Square of the odour of sectional agitation; and it will be long ere the people of New York forget, that in that house, men [members of the New School General Assembly] openly avowed themselves slaveholders from *choice*, justified polygamy, and declared their full acceptance of the system of slavery as it exists, and then sat down at the table of Christ to commemorate his death, as *the* Presbyterian Church in the United States.—*Independent.*

And how long must we wait for *The Independent* to see that it cannot, without utter self-stultification and guilty complicity with slavery, persist in calling the advocates of bondage and polygamy *Christians?*

WE never have occasion to gibbet a politician in our Pro-Slavery department that we do not find a parson to keep him company. This week we have placed the Rev. Dr. Ross, of Alabama, a leading member of the late New School Presbyterian General Assembly, in congenial companionship with those heroes of the bludgeon, Brooks and Keitt. The latter only enforce the Scriptural arguments of the former by "apostolic blows and knocks" upon the heads of those who reject them. They show the ripe fruit of the piety of which the Rev. Doctor is an illustrious champion.

YALE COLLEGE has honoured herself and put Old Harvard to shame by conferring upon Hon. CHARLES SUMNER the honourary degree of LL.D. The New Haven *Palladium* says: "When Charles Sumner's name was read by President Woolsey, as the recipient of an LL.D. from Yale College, at the distribution of degrees, yesterday, the applause of the audience was unbounded, and unmistakably expressed."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 637, opens with a paper of rare interest, "The Works of Ben Jonson," from the *North British Review*, and contains besides, "Gossip from Newport" (from *Bentley's Miscellany*)—"The Two Sisters," a charming story—with a variety of selections from the usual sources. No. 638 opens with an entertaining paper, from *Blackwood*, "Fish Ponds and Fishing Boats," and contains a large variety of selections from *Household Words*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Frazers Magazine*, etc. 343 Broadway.

MRS. STOWE'S NEW ANTI-SLAVERY NOVEL will be issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., some time in September, or early in October. His title is said to be: "DRED: *a Tale of the Dismal Swamp.*" Mrs. Stowe has gone to England to secure the copy-right and a simultaneous publication in that country. If we may judge from the chapters published by *The Tribune* and *National Era*, the work is not likely to be inferior to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, *for August*, embracing five weekly numbers is on our table. It is enough to say that this work is worthy of the name and fame of Dickens, and that the publishers of the American edition (Dix, Edwards & Co., 321 Broadway) deserve the support of the lovers of light literature.

THE WESTERN NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS is to be held at Kerr's Corners, North Collins, Erie Co., on the 29th, 30th and 31st inst. We understand that JOEL TIFFANY, of Painesville, Ohio, expects to be present.

THE *American Baptist*, a thorough and unswerving anti-slavery and religious journal, was removed, some weeks since, from Utica to this city. We hope the change may serve to enlarge the circulation and augment the usefulness of the paper, which is among the best of our exchanges.

HON. CHAUNCEY L. KNAPP has our thanks for a copy of his excellent speech on the Sumner outrage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"F. D. G.," "N. R. J.," and "L." next week.

Summary.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, of the Washington *National Era*, with their whole family, passed through this city, last Monday, on their way to the Plume House, where they will remain some weeks.—*Concord (N. H.) Ind. Dem. 31st ult.*

"My brethren," the other day exclaimed the Rev. C. Spurgeon, the popular preacher of New Park street, London, "there is a vast difference between a devil and a deacon. The difference lies here—'resist the devil and he will flee from you,' but resist a deacon and he will fly at you!"

JOE. SMITH'S MOTHER DEAD.—"Mother Smith," as she is called among the Mormons, the mother of the prophet Joseph Smith, is dead. She was a native of Gilsum, N. H., and was born in 1776. Her father's name was Mack. He emigrated from Connecticut into New Hampshire.

It is said that at the celebration of the Fourth of July, in Binghampton, the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, the President of the day, introduced the following toast:

"The Women of the Revolution—Mothers of men and patriots. The women of to-day—Hoop! hoop! hoop! Hurrah!"

SEWING CIRCLE.—Miss A. Clorinda Fish—a Miss old and willing enough to be a Mrs. ——expatiating in an animated manner upon the enjoyments of the bath: "Why, Miss Fish," innocently remarked Deacon E., "you must be very fond of bathing." "O dear!" replied the loquacious Miss F., "I guess I *am* fond of bathing; *you ought to see me once!*"

In Cecil County, Md., near the head of Sassafras river, two men patrolling to prevent the escape of slaves, met a negro, whom they stopped and were questioning, when, by a powerful back-handed blow with a knife, he struck one of the men and cut his head completely off. Tue other was too much horrified to pursue, and the negro escaped.

AN ANTAGONIST FOR BROOKS.—An old lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Mapes, of Concord, Mass., offers to meet Bully Brooks on the same terms as he met Mr. Sumner. He must be seated with a desk before him, so that he cannot rise, and she will approach him with a broom-handle. If Brooks accepts, he is to address Mrs. Mapes immediately.

A couple of negroes belonging to Mr. J. W. Reynolds, of Boone County, Ky., made their exit from that gentleman's plantation on Friday night. Mr. R. followed them on Saturday, as soon as he discovered their flight, and traced them to Covington, were all further track of the fugitives was lost. They started from home with a couple of horses belonging to their master, both of which were found tied to a fence about two miles back of Covington.

U. G. R. R.—Two fugitives from the northern part of Kentucky arrived at Erie on Saturday. Some of their friends in town secreted them and arranged for their translation to Canada, which last stage in their journey was safely traversed, although the poor fellows were hotly pursued by a man who claimed to own them, although he was probably, we understand, only a slave-catcher by trade. He arrived in Erie in time to earn that they had evaded him.

A Coal-black nigger made a fusion speech at Lafayette, Indiana, a few days since, in which he was as fierce in denunciation of the Democracy as his white coadjutors.—*Illinois State Register.*

The *Register* ought to silence the darkey by assuring him, in the language of Gov. Wise, that by electing Buchanan he will *double himself in value!*—*Chicago Journal.*

SLAVE STAMPEDE AT ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis *Republican*, of a recent date, says:

"A reward of $1,500 was offered yesterday for the apprehension of eight negroes—a man and wife, three sons, two daughters and the wife's sister, who disappeared on Monday night. They are the property of Messrs. R. Wash and John O'Fallon, Jr. Several other slaves are supposed to be in their company on the underground track."

A DIVINE FOR THE HUNKERS.—Rev. Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth college, said recently to a class under his instruction that the statement of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are born free and equal" is a lie; that more than half the signers of that Declaration were infidels or fanatics, and that the present political uprisings of the people of the North and West are rebellions against the dispensations of Providence! Entertaining such purely 'national' sentiments, it is not singular that President Lord hesitates between Buchanan and Fillmore.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—We are informed that on Wednesday evening, after the arrival of Mr. Burlingame, accompanied by his friend and second, General James, of Wis., at the Everett House, in this city, they proceeded to a well-known shooting gallery in Broadway. Mr. Burlingame (*incognito*) tried his hand with the rifle at the usual distance, and "rang the bell" FIVE TIMES OUT OF NINE.

This *may* account for the milk in Mr. Brooks's cocoanut.—*N. Y. Mirror, 25th ult.*

The New Orleans *Creole*, of the 21st ult., says there are appearances of serious disturbances on the border of Texas and Louisiana. Certain free negroes, mulattoes and white men, to the number of forty, with the Sheriff at their head, who had been ordered for some reason to leave the country, have refused to do so, and have fortified themselves some four or five miles above Madison. They are reported to have a hundred guns, besides pistols and bowie-knives, and to bid defiance to their opponents.

SOUTHERN METHODISM IN ENGLAND.—An English correspondent of the *Richmond Christian Advocate* says: "It may not not be out of place just here to say, that the Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*, in the United States, is scarcely recognised by the Wesleyan Methodists of this country. *Personally*, I have received the most polite and courteous attentions from the ministers to whom I had letters of introduction; but I have not been invited to preach in any of their chapels. Our Church is regarded, to say the least, as a pro-slavery Church, and the Methodists of this country will not tolerate any such body as a part of the Christian family."

A YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.—The following incident, coming direct from one of the *dramatis personæ*, may be relied upon as a fact:

The Rev. Mr. G., a clergyman of a neighbouring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a lad of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face—'No, I don't like the looks of them taters.'"—*Abington Standard.*

CLERICAL WIT.—On a certain occasion, a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the Doctor by an argument from the Bible. "You ought not to take interest for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury!" "Oh no," said the Doctor, "you forget; the Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury of their own people, but they were allowed to take usury of the *heathen!*" The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HIGH PRICE FOR NEGROES.—There has been a greater demand for negroes in this city during the months of May, June and July, than ever known before, and they have commanded better prices during that time. This latter is an unusual thing, as the Summer months are generally the dullest in the year for that description of property. Prime field hands (women) will now bring from $1,000 to $1,100, and men from $1,250 to $1,500. Not long since a likely negro girl sold in this city at private sale for $1,700. A large number of negroes are bought on speculation, and probably there is not less than $2,000,000 in town now seeking investure in such property.—*Richmond Dispatch, July 22.*

TOO MUCH TWISTING.—The follies of grown people are frequently brought out by children in startling prominence. Two girls of twelve or fourteen years passed along Lake street recently, surrounded by hoops and trailing long dresses over the dirty pavement. They were novices in the management of such rigging, but determined to acquire the art or die in the attempt. "Do I twist too much?" asked one of the anxious couple, as she wriggled along. "Oh, no," said the other, dropping a little behind to observe her, "but if you could raise a little on your toes as you squirm, it would throw out your dress better."—*Chicago Democratic Press.*

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* represents what it says is the local indignation on the conduct of the representative of that district in Congress, Mr. De Witt, because he permitted Mr. Brooks to call him "my friend from Massachusetts" in his fare well speech, without objection, obeyed his demand to show to the House his own cane, that it might be seen that it was a bigger one than that used to beat Sumner, and finally voted against the censure of Edmundson, the Virginia associate of Brooks, who witnessed the assault, according to his own story in order "to see justice done." The *Spy* talks pretty sharply about Mr. De Witt, and intimates that it would like to hear what he has to say for himself.

PRENTICE ON MR. BROOKS.—The Louisville *Journal* thus speaks of the excuse Mr. Brooks gave for not fighting Mr. Burlingame:

"Mr. Brooks, however, objects, it seems, to travelling through New Jersey and New York to get to Canada. He thinks he would have to run the gauntlet of mobs and assassins. He is *afraid!* Yes, the grim fire-eater: who boasts that with one blow he could inaugurate revolutions, and destroy the Union, is afraid to travel through New Jersey and New York. We rather wonder that he does not found his objection upon the insecurity of the railroads, for we really think there would be more chances of his losing his life by a railroad accident than by the hand of assassins. He certainly backs out from a fight. He runs. And herein is an instructive moral. There are *'books in the running Brooks.'"*

"BEECHER AND THE SLAVE GIRL.—A correspondent of the New York *Daily News* says that the slave-girl whose freedom was purchased by Mr. Beecher's congregation, absconded lately, taking with her certain articles not her property. It was a trick, it is said, concocted by the master and the girl to raise the $1,500. She returned to him, was quite happy, and getting along as well as could be expected."

The above base falsehood is being extensively copied by the Pro-Slavery press, to the injury of the girl Sarah and the humane trader who so generously manumitted her on the payment of $1,100, being $100 less than he paid for her. She is now in Washington City, a *free woman*, and employed as a domestic in one of the most respectable families in that city. The statement is, therefore, false in every particular.—*Tribune.*

THE LATE SLAVE CASE.—The Savannah *Republican* comments upon the recent slave case in Boston, in which the fugitive was surrendered by the State to his friends, as follows:

"The owner of the slave was in Mobile, and in all probability totally ignorant of the direction the fugitive had taken, and yet because he did not reach Boston in time to assert his rights on the day of the arrival of the vessel with the negro on board, the law affords him no protection, and his property is lost. What a vile mockery of justice and outrage upon good faith and the comity of the States! We have no language to characterize so disgraceful and disorganizing a procedure."

We suppose the demand will soon be made that Massachusetts shall establish a police system to detain

Miscellaneous Department.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SOME months ago, I was at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. I met there an old musician, who had known the illustrious composer intimately; and from him I received the following anecdote.

"You know," said he, "that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Grasse (Rhine street); but at the time I became acquainted with him he lodged over a humble little shop in Roemerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night, because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink and books; and notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was not yet deaf, and could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years, even this consolation was denied him.

"One Winter evening I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window, in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed by his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. By slow degrees I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing on that evening, and refused all consolation.

"'I hate the world,' said he with a passion. 'I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me; I have genius, and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart, and no one to love. I am completely miserable.'

"I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till we reëntered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark, narrow street, near the gate of Coblentz. All at once he stopped.

"'Hush!' said he; 'what is that noise?'

"I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and, notwithstanding the poverty of the instrument, the performer gave to this piece great tenderness of expression.

"Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. 'It is taken from my symphony in F,' said he; 'here is the house. Listen; how well it is played.'

"The house was poor and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutter. He stopped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stifled voice was heard.

"'I cannot go on,' said a female voice. 'I can go no farther this evening, Frederick.'

"'Why, sister?'

"'I scarcely know, unless it is because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! what would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice.'

"'Ah, dear sister,' said Frederick, sighing, 'one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things far beyond our reach?'

"'You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless! it is useless!'

"There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words.

"Beethoven looked at me. 'Let us enter,' said he, abruptly.

"'Enter!' said I; 'why should we enter?'

"'I will play to her,' replied he, with vivacity. 'She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me.' And before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half-open door to the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe. Near him, bending in a melancholy manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly, but very poorly dressed; they rose and turned towards us as we entered.

"'Pardon me,' said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed, 'pardon me, but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician!'

"The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"'I heard also some of your words,' continued my friend. 'You wish to hear—that is, you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?'

"There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical, in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in the manners of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"'Thank you,' said the young shoemaker, 'but our piano is bad, and then we have no music!'

"'No music!' repeated my friend; 'how then did Mademoiselle——' He stopped and coloured; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

"'I—I entreat you to pardon me,' stammered he; 'but I did dot remark at first. You play then from memory?'

"'Entirely.'

"'And where have you heard this music before?'

"'I heard a lady who was a neighbour at Bruhl, two years ago. During the Summer evenings her window was always open, and I walked before the house to hear her.'

"'And you have never heard any other music?'

"'Never, excepting the music in the streets.'

"She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word, but quietly seated himself at the instrument, and commenced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening; and I was not deceived. Never, never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal.

"We remained sitting, listening to him breathlessly. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if paralyzed. The former had laid aside his work; the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands were clasped on her breast as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness. It seemed as if we were the subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was to wake too soon.

"Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, the wick, consumed to the end, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped; I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

"But this incident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, he appeared plunged into a profound meditation.

"He remained so for some time. At last the young shoemaker rose, approached him, and said, in a low, respectful voice, 'Wonderful man, who are you, then?'

"Beethoven raised his head, and looked at him abstractedly, as if he had not comprehended the meaning of his words.

"The young man repeated the question.

"The composer smiled as only he could smile, such sweetness and kingly benevolence.

"'Listen,' said he. And he played the first movement in the F Symphony.

"A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognised him, and cried with emotion, 'You are, then, Beethoven.'

"He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in detaining him.

"'Play to us once more, just once more.'

"He allowed himself to be led to the instrument. The brilliant light of the moon entered the curtainless window, and lighted up his expansive, earnest forehead.

"'I am going to improvise a *sonata* to the moonlight,' said he, playfully. He contemplated for some minutes the sky sprinkled with stars; then his fingers rested on the piano, and he commenced to play in a low, sad, but wonderously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument, sweet and even as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground. This delicious overture was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, capricious, a sort of intermediate burlesque, like a dance of fairies at midnight on the grass. Then came a rapid *agitato finale*—a breathless movement, trembling, hurrying, describing flight and uncertainty, inspiring vague and instinctive terror, which bore us onwards on its shuddering wings, and left us at last quite agitated with surprise and moved to tears.

"'Adieu,' said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair and advancing to the door—'Adieu!'

"'You will come again?' asked both at the same time.

"He stopped, and regarded the young blind girl with an air of compassion.

"'Yes, yes,' said he, hurriedly, 'I will come again and give some lessons to Mademoiselle. Farewell, I will soon come again.'

"They followed us to the door in silence more expressive than words, and remained standing on the threshold till we were out of sight.

"'Let us hasten home,' said Beethoven to me in the street. 'Let us hasten, that I may note down this *sonata* while it is in my memory.'

"He entered his room, and he wrote till nearly daybreak."

I still sat in a listening attitude after the old musician had finished speaking.

"And did Beethoven give lessons afterwards to the blind girl?" asked I at length.

He smiled, and shook his head sadly.

"Beethoven never entered that humble house again. With the excitement of the moment, his interest in the blind girl also passed away; and though the brother and sister long and patiently awaited his coming, he thought no more of them."

And is it not too often so in life?

From The N. Y. Tribune.

THE CALL OF KANSAS.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

SONS of the men who, long ago,
Planted their feet on Plymouth Rock,
There stood and faced a savage foe,
There braved and bore the battle shock,
Hear ye the cry from Kansas' plains?
Does your blood boil not in your veins?

That cry! does it not make you start?
The murderous shot came from the South?
The ball has struck your brother's heart!
His life-blood gushes from his mouth!
No more that brother shall you see;
He spoke, he dies for Liberty!

Whoe'er of Freedom dares to blab,
Where Kansas for free labour calls,
Feels the Missourian's ruffian stab,
And, dead, on his own threshold falls,
The freeman there, must bate his breath;
To speak of Freedom there, is death!

SLAVERY demands the sacrifice!
Her bullies deal the blows; and while
The murdered freeman gasps and dies,
Her perjured panders sit and smile,
On her high places, where they swore
That she should agitate no more.

Grasping and bloody is the hand,
That Slavery stretches forth, to clutch
A region that she vowed should stand
Unscorched forever by her touch!
Look at the Fury's faith—her oath!
Her bloody hand has torn them both!

The bond, that bore her hated name,
That Freedom gave an empire for,
She 's snatched, to light with it a flame—
The baleful flame of civil war!
Her troops, e'en now, are in the lists,
And "war exists!" ay, "war exists!"

Yes, it is WAR—the war of Cain,
Where Right is stricken down by Wrong,
Religion at her altar slain,
And the weak dies beneath the strong.
Let HIM, then, bear Cain's forehead brand,
Who sees the blow, nor lifts his hand!

Who, sitting in the highest seat,
And wielding a whole nation's might,
Sees Freedom bleeding at his feet,
And Wrong triumphing over Right,
And throws his sword into the scale,
To make red-handed wrong prevail!

'Tis war! Then be it so! For aye
Has there been peace—or can there be—
'Twixt God and Satan? Night and Day?
'Twixt black and white? the bond and free?
Belial with Christ in concord dwell!
Freedom with Slavery! Heaven with Hell!

Ay! let WAR come, for come it must,
Or Slavery must her steps retrace;
Let hostile hosts the scales adjust,
Looking each other in the face!
In battle let the feebler fall,
And let the stronger have it all.

For, Kansas' plains, to Freedom vowed,
To Freedom shall belong—unless,
When the wind drives the battle cloud
Away, they 're left a wilderness.
Far better make those plains our graves,
Than leave them to be tilled by slaves!

Far better fall, in such a strife,
Than still to Slavery's claims concede:
Than crouch beneath her frown, for life,
Far better on the field to bleed;
To live thus is a life-long shame!
To die thus, victory and fame!

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

IT is on record that when Captain Morris wanted to write a song against Mr. Pitt in the *Yankee dialect*, he could scarcely find a peculiar "Yankee" word or phrase to suit his purpose. Since that date, the case has greatly altered. Americanisms are now so abundant, and so likely to multiply to an unlimited extent, as to suggest the probability that they may tend to corrupt permanently the English language. A passing glance at the subject may therefore be not unprofitable, and may serve at any rate to gratify the curiosity of English readers.

We should observe, at starting, that all Americanisms are not necessarily new coinages of speech, nor even corrupted applications of authentic English words; many of them being traceable to provincial usage in the mother-country, and seeming to have gained a settlement in the States along with the original emigrants who took them out as a portion of their stock of vocables. Mr. Bristed, an accomplished American, who has lately investigated the subject,* and of whose views and researches we here avail ourselves, remarks that the number and force of producible instances of this kind are greater than is generally supposed.

The difference between the language of the two countries is not so much apparent in their literature as in their familiar and accustomed forms of speech. To illustrate this, Mr. Bristed gives an extract from a supposed conversation between two American gentlemen, one of whom joins the other in the country, and relates a series of accidents that happened to him on leaving the city. The incidents are necessarily of the most trivial description, as they are selected to exemplify everyday familiar phrases. "First of all, our new *waiter* forgot to go to the *bookstore* for your parcel; so that was left behind. I am afraid it will be as long on the road as the last bouquet you sent us, which was quite *wilted* when it arrived. Then, as I was *riding* down quietly in a *hack*, one of the horses, a vicious-looking *sorrel*, tried to run away, and the hack did run into a *wagon*, and upset it. When the horse was stopped, he began to kick, and kicked away his *whiffle-tree* and the *dash-board*. I jumped out on the *side-walk*, and fell against a lady who was coming down her *stoop*. Neither of us was hurt, but I tore my *pantaloons* and broke a *suspender*, and the lady's *hat* was crushed. As we were only two *blocks* from the steamboat, I carried my small amount of *baggage* on board myself; and the first person I saw was X——, whom you admire so much; and he is *clever*, certainly; but I should say, though he is your friend, decidedly silly."

We are assured that every one of the words above italicised, with the *possible* exception of *riding* and *clever*, would be naturally used under the circumstances by an American gentleman; and it is said, justly enough, that some of them would be apt to puzzle an Englishman just arrived in the country. Mr. Bristed's strictures, however, on the word "riding" are curious. It is quite remarkable that so thorough a literary man should be ignorant that such expressions as "riding in a coach" are to be met with in the best books and the best company in England. "In spite of the well-known advice to an awkward horseman, to 'get inside and pull up the blinds,' he would hardly be able to conceive how the narrator could ride *in* hack, still less how the back could upset a wagon, and, not to dwell on other expressions, the last sentence would seem to him to involve a direct contradiction. . . . . It may not be wholly uninstructive to run through our list of italics, and note their respective origin. First, then, *waiter* for footman. This usage has an important social signification, as showing how hotel habits and phrases have predominated in the country, and invaded American private life. *Bookstore* is bookseller's shop, *store* being used for shop universally. Sometimes the distinguishing epithets, also, are strangely altered; thus, a linen-draper's shop is termed a *dry goods' store*. The origin of the term is doubtful; perhaps national vanity had something to do with it, the proprietor of the smallest concern wishing to give it the title, if he could no other quality, of a large commercial establishment. *Wilted*, for withered, is a provincialism; Halliwell assigns it to Bucks. *Hack*, in America, is always the abbreviation of hackney-*coach*, and driving is usually called *riding*—equestrian exercise being distinguished as riding *on horseback*. These phrases, too, throw a light on national manners, and prove an American preference for carriage over horse exercise. Does the American, then, never use the word *drive*? Yes; but he understands it only of holding the reins himself. Thus: "I rode to town with Smith"—that is, "I went in his vehicle, and he drove me"; "I drove to town with Smith"—that is, "I drove him." A few purists preserve the English distinction of the words. *Sorrel* horse, for chestnut, is a term now fallen into complete disuse in England, yet it has become obsolete only within the last forty years. It was a Suffolk word, and the sign of *the sorrel horse* probably exists to this day in front of some Suffolk ale-houses. . . . . The word *wagon*, which the Englishman associates with the idea of one of the heaviest possible vehicles, an American as naturally associates with the idea of one of the lightest possible vehicles. How the very decided change was effected, it is not easy to explain. Perhaps it is a Teutonism (*wagen*, for carriage generally—the "wagon" being, *par excellence*, the vehicle of the country); but the general absence of Teutonisms in America militates against the supposition. *Whiffle-tree*, the invariable American for splinter-bar—at least in the case of the wheel-horses—is the rustic *whippletree* very slightly changed. *Dash-board* is merely a corruption of *splash-board*. *Side-walk*, causeway, *trottoir*, is probably a pure American coinage; so is *suspenders* for braces. *Stoop*—the steps of a house—is pure and almost literal Dutch. *Pantaloons* for trousers, and *hat* for bonnet, are obvious Gallicisms (*pantalon* and *chapeau*). Their introduction is easily accounted for by the fact that many of the fashionable tailors, and most of the fashionable milliners, in the large cities are of French birth or descent. *Block* is primarily the parallelogram of houses bounded by four streets; thence, and more usually, the row of houses in one street between two others. "You must go so many blocks"—that is, so many streets. The English colloquial phrase, "a block in the street," for stoppage in the street, is unknown to Americans. Equally unknown is the familiar term *luggage*—the graver word *baggage* being always employed. *Clever* is generally used in the sense of amiable, as it still is by the peasantry in some of the southern counties of England. Some purists maintain the ordinary English meaning of the word, which often leads to ambiguity; so that it is not uncommon to hear the question asked, 'You say he is clever: do you mean *English clever* or *American clever*?'"

To collect, examine, and explain all the American peculiarities of language would be a work of much time and trouble, and one demanding no trifling preparation. Mr. Bristed, therefore, confines himself to a notice of some of the most salient peculiarities and remarkable words belonging to the principal localities. The singularities, he tells us, of the dialect of the New England States do not consist so much in the introduction of new words as in the general style of its pronunciation. "Among its features of this sort may be mentioned a nasal intonation particularly before the dipthong *ow*, so that cow and now are sounded *kyow* and *nyow*; a perverse misplacing of final *g* after *n*, almost equal to the Cockney's transposition of initial *h*, making *walkin* of walking, and *capting* of captain [decided Cockneyisms, Mr. Bristed]: a shortening of long *o* and *u* in the final syllables, for example—*fortun* and *natur* for fortune and nature; on the other hand, a lengthening of various short syllables, as *nauthin* for nothing, and *genuine* for genuine. Also, a general tendency to throw forward the accents of polysyllables, and sometimes dissyllables; for example—territory, legislative, conquest. This tendency—from which, by the way, the very best classes of New England society are not altogether free—has been noticed as a Scotticism, erroneously, we think, for the Scotch sometimes misplace the accent; they throw it *backward* as often as forward—in magazine, for instance. Some peculiar words, however, are found, as—doing *chores*, for doing miscellaneous jobs of work (a north country word,* for example—*charwoman*), and many peculiar uses of ordinary words. Thus, by the converse to the rule, "handsome is that handsome does," the New Englanders call an ill-natured person *ugly* or *humly* (homely); and, by a similar transference of physical to mental qualities, they call a clever man *smart*. This last expression has travelled beyond its original locality, and is generally current among the masses all over the Union. *Friends* they use for *relations* [so the Scotch do, Mr. Bristed], precisely—and it is worth observing, as an example of the coincidence that will occur in idioms the furthest removed by time and place—as the Greek tragedians used *philos*. The employment of *guess* to express a vast variety of mental processes—*to think, to presume, to suppose, to imagine, to believe, &c. &c.*—was one of the earliest peculiarities of speech observed in America, and attributed to all Americans promiscuously. It is a pure New Englandism; and to put it into the mouth of a New Yorker, a Virginian, or a Missourian, is as great a blunder as it would be to represent a Cockney saying *tay* for tea, or a Scotchman *wint* for went."

Passing to the Middle States, very few expressions are found to be peculiar to the New Yorkers; at the same time, there are some striking words of Dutch origin, which, being established in use when the city of New York was called New Amsterdam, have thence spread all over the Union, and been generally received. "The first of these is *stoop*, a genuine Dutch noun, very slightly disguised in its present orthography. *Stoop* in Dutch means the same as *stoup* in English, a drinking-measure: the real Batavian word represented is *stoep*, from the verb *stoepen*, to sit or *stoop* down. Originally applied to the bench placed, according to old Dutch custom, in front of the house, it came to designate all the steps on the topmost of which a bench was placed, and remained attached to them after the bench itself was swept away by the improvements of modern fashion. The word is used in all classes of society, as naturally as door or window." The next word, *loafer*, is so very common in America that, although closely approximating to a slang term, it cannot be overlooked here. The expression only found its way into writing about the year 1810, but had been in use long before, especially in the vicinity of the markets. It is equivalent to vagabond intensified; and its personal application is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to an American—sometimes like calling a Frenchman *canaille*. The third word is one used universally throughout the free States at least, and used in sober seriousness, without any slang intention, but confined entirely to the labouring classes. It is *boss*, for head-workman or employer. Servants will also use it in speaking of their master. This is good Dutch, although not immediately recognisable under its present orthography. The original Batavian is *baas*, a master-workman. . . . . The New Yorkers have a tendency to make the same promiscuous use of *expect* that the New Englanders do of *guess*."

In Pennsylvania, some of the largest counties were settled by Germans, whose descendants now amount to nearly a fourth of the population of the State, and who still continue to use their language. It does not appear, however, that the presence of that language has affected the speech of the English settlers; on the contrary, the English has corrupted the German, which has been reduced to a curiously compounded *patois*. The only marked Teutonism current in the country is *hold-on* (halt-an) for stop, and this may be only indirectly Teutonic; there being indications of its having been derived *immediately* from a nautical source. Turning to the Southern States, the longest settled of which were colonized by English cavaliers, few marked or notorious peculiarities of expression are found to be prevailing. Some of these are, nevertheless, tolerably salient. "They use *reckon* as the New Englanders do *guess*. They shorten the long sound of *a*—*stars* for stairs, and *bar* for bear—a pronunciation shared to some extent by their fellow-citizens of the Western States, and insert *y* in some cases before *arr*—*gyard* and *gyarden* for guard and garden—a style once fashionable in England, if Sheridan's dictionary is to be trusted. Among the lower classes, one sometimes meets with very queer words, such as *donocks* for stones, where we confess we are altogether at fault."

On arriving at the "great West," the inquirer finds the materials for his investigation very abundant, but most of them encroaching on the "forbidden ground of slang." Our authority thinks it may be doubted whether, in this very new country, there is any generally recognised standard of refinement and propriety in language more than in other matters. "There are districts," says he, "where it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that every prominent person has his own private vocabulary. The hunter-legislator, David Crocket, who flourished some twenty years ago, a brave but eccentric personage, was a specimen of this class; the well-known 'Go ahead!' was one of his inventions. The infinite variety of Western phraseology embraces every sort of expression, from the clumsiest vulgarity to the most poetic metaphor; from unintelligible jargon to pregnant sententiousness. Sometimes it luxuriates in elongation of words and reduplication of syllables, as if the mother English were not sufficiently strong and expressive—*cantankerous* for rancorous, *salvagerous* for savage. The barbarous cant word *tee-total* was doubtless thus coined by some Western speaker at a 'temperance' meeting. Sometimes, it derives from its associations of forests and prairie life, picturesque and graphic phrases, such as *making tracks*, *drawing a bee-line*, and the primitive salutation, 'stranger!'—another unintentional Hellenism which carries the hero back to Homer's time. And sometimes again it degenerates into a fondness for words of all-work, that seemingly betoken equal poverty of thought and language. They use or abuse *calculated* as the New Englanders do *guess*. The verb *fix*, which has more than its legitimate share of work all over the Union, they drive unmercifully, and have introduced its participial noun *fixing* to a commanding position in the conversational vocabulary. In some places, *tote* expresses every variety of fetching, lending, or carrying; and *truck* every commodity, that can be subjected to the process of *toting*. There is a familiar legend of an English traveller who, on hearing Sambo directed to 'tote the gentleman's horse to the barn (stable), and give him some truck,' not unnaturally concluded that truck was the Kentuckian for hay or oats. But soon another Sambo was ordered to 'tote in some truck for the fire,' and appeared with an armful of pine-wood. The traveller, wondering if the horses of the country were *lignivorous*, appealed to the judge or colonel who acted as landlord for information, and was comforted by the satisfactory assurance that 'truck meant everything in those parts.' It is not certain whether the term *help* for servants, often met down as a general Americanism, but in fact scarcely known in the Middle States, is of Western or of New England origin. It is generally used in both sections of the country."

Apart from the consideration of slang, which Mr. Bristed has avoided as much as possible, there are a few words of American invention which have gained a permanent position in the language. They are, for the most part, words formed to express either old or new ideas with greater clearness or convenience than any words previously existing. *Talented* may be mentioned as one in question, which, though for a while scouted as a vulgarism in certain quarters, somehow holds its ground, and is not likely to be dispossessed of the place which it has taken. *Realized*, again, seems to be another; it is not mentioned by Mr. Bristed, but we have the authority of Mr. Helps for regarding it as a legitimate Americanism. On the whole, however, the number of words contributed by America, which can be considered as natural and appropriate growths of the language, is very inconsiderable. The English tongue has as yet received, in that quarter of the world, no remarkable development. On the other hand, as regards the present supremacy of the English language in America, there seems every reason to believe that that supremacy will be maintained. The Anglo-Saxon element, in all conceivable respects, is the main element at once of progress and of permanence in the great Western continent. The bulk of the inhabitants are the descendants of Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and in point of influence and enterprise they are the leading race throughout the Union. With such comparatively trifling modifications as have been indicated, the English language will doubtless continue to be the language of the general American nation. "And surely," as Mr. Bristed observes, "this ought to be a source of no small satisfaction to Englishmen. Among the many glories that England has to boast of, it is not and will not be one of the last that she, more successful in this respect than the other nations of Europe, has transmitted and permanently established beyond the broad ocean liberal institutions, evangelical religion, and a language which, whatever harshness of sound or clumsiness of inflection may

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* It is also, as Mr. Bristed might have added, a word in common use among the charwomen of London.

THE SNEAK FAMILY.

THE Sneaks are an ancient and numerous race. Their genealogy is lost among the myths and traditions that were swept away by the flood. Their fortunes have been various. Their course through the world has been marked by great windings and changes. According to a class of naturalists, all humanity has come up from chaos through successive layers of mud, and higher geological formations, to the lowest form of animal existence, finally cropping out in the form of the upright biped which we call man. Now, if this be true, the Sneak race must, as yet, but just have emerged through the snake up to the toad, and so upward to the spaniel, and finally to the men who now represent the family honour. Indeed, were we learned in ancient languages, and capable of tracing words back to their derivative roots, we should try to show that Sneak and Snake had a family likeness.

The present head of the Sneak family, the federal head, or Adam' (s) is Rev. Snivel Sneak, a distinguished national clergyman. He showed his affinity with the family, that he was a Domby of the Dombys, or a Sneak of the Sneaks, when quite young. At school he was called a fag, and was generally found to be the humble servant of the strongest party among the boys. In college he pursued much the same course. He was a tyrant to the younger and weaker students, but a pack horse for all the rest. But when he received clerical orders he seemed to have reached just the field for his powers.

His first sermon was from the text, "Stoop to Conquer," in which he went on to prove that the way to convert the world was to preach against its little and unpopular sins and let its great ones alone. He contended that outward sins were not to be denounced, but that it was the business of a minister to shy up to the blind side of a huge sinner, under the cover of flattery, and slip the Gospel into his heart without ever alarming his prejudices. This was especially the way to deal with the great. The vices of poor folks you might denounce in thunder tones. The fellow that could not pay a dollar to the clergy could be sent to hell for any little pecadillo, but the man with a fortune, the Judge or the Squire, or the Member of Congress, is quite a different case. He must be approached differently. Over his sins the mantle of charity must be thrown. Mr. Sneak never preaches politics. His principle in preaching is to talk out his hour and offend nobody. The most talk, with the fewest hits, is his problem, at least, unless his hits are aimed at the Hittites, or his denunciations are against the Pharisees and the Sadducees and the Pope. All the friends of the Pharisees are dead or poor, and so Mr. Sneak can preach at them. But if he preaches politics, somebody will be hit, for there are opposing parties in his church.

Mr. Snivel Sneak would preach politics, if he thought the people were ready, but don't think they are. Convince him that the people go for the Maine Law, and so does he. But if they are not ready for it, neither is he. When the people become Abolitionists, then Mr. Sneak will prove that he was always an Abolitionist. Anything that is fashionable is orthodox with Mr. Sneak. He had in his congregation a wild girl, that went forth into the green and flowery meadow, on Sunday, after strawberries and wild flowers. Mr. Sneak was horrified. He visited her parents and preached to them and their child on the awful sin for an hour. He mentioned the case in prayer last Sunday. In his congregation there is a Judge that holds to the legality of slavery, and supports the government in kidnapping just such girls as this, only differing in colour, and Mr. Snivel Sneak is too holy to interfere with the Judge's position. One of the holiest men in his congregation is Deacon Good. But Deacon Good would not have his baby sprinkled, and Mr. Sneak preached four sermons on "the covenant," in which he proved that parents who did not have their offspring sprinkled would go to hell, children and all, however good they were in works. Colonel Legree, of Louisiana, was present and nodded assent to these sermons and went home to dinner with Mr. Sneak. The Colonel is a rich planter and *steals* from their mothers a dozen babies every year; Mr. Sneak regards him as a Patriarch.

Let no one suppose that Mr. Sneak is a purposeless man, or that it is from a natural pliability of disposition that he does all things. Not at all; he has a purpose in every dodge, an aim in every new evasion. That purpose is the advancement of Rev. Snivel Sneak. For that he fawns upon the rich and ignores the poor. Here is a portrait of our Mr. Sneak, drawn by the master hand of the poet Kingsley:

"A shallow, stony, steadfast eye; that looks at neither man nor beast in the face, but at something invisible yard before him, through you and past you, at a fascination, a ghost of fixed purposes that haunts him, from which neither reason nor pity will turn. I have seen such an eye in men possessed—with devils or with self: sleek, passionless men, who are too refined to be manly and measure their grace by their effeminacy: crooked vermin, who swarm up in pious times being drowned out of their earthy haunts by the springtide of religion; and so, making a gain of godliness, swim upon the first of the flood, till it cast them ashore on the firm beach of wealth and station. I always mistrust those wall-eyed saints."

On his maternal side Mr. Sneak is allied to the Dodge family. If we continue these sketches we will give a portrait of the head of the Dodges, at our next sitting. The Dodges are great politicians.—*Reformer.*

HUMOURS OF LAW.

STERNE insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples!*

One day at the table of the late Dr. Pease (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For *this* and every other *mercy* the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

Having referred to briefs, we are reminded of the opposite. We have not dilated upon "the law's delay." The topic is, however, too trite to talk about; let an instance suffice:

About a hundred years ago, a Scotch gentleman bequeathed to his "poor relations, of whatever degree," the sum of £20,000. In effect, he left them a Chancery suit, which has remained in the family ever since. In the first place, the next of kin disputed the validity of the bequest, but it was established by Lord Chancellor Camden, and 463 persons made out their relationship. Thereupon, in the year 1766, a bill was filed for the distribution of the money amongst them, which has not been effected to this day.

A yet stranger case was that of the famous "Berkeley suit," which lasted upwards of 190 years! It was commenced shortly after the death of the fourth Lord Berkeley, in 1416, and terminated in 1609. It arose out of the marriage of the only daughter and heiress of the above baron, with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, their descendants having continually sought to get possession of the Castle and Lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous lawsuit in question, but was often attended with the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more.

We have at our hand a case, and as it is a very *striking* one, we may as well introduce it with the view of adding force to our observations.

A lawyer, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck: "What kind of a blow was given?" "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton!

In this connection we have yet another case to present, in which the irritating and too irritable counsel was completely nonplussed. It is as follows:

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the man's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the man, incredulously. "You are to reply to and not to question me," interposed the counsellor, interrupting the question put. "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it: Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness, gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it——" "Must! I will have it," interposed the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it, then, I had it of the ostler, with imperturbable gravity, "when I simultaneously myself from the mare's own mouth!" The judge on the bench could with difficulty restrain his risibles, but burst of laughter rang through the court. The muscles to judicial decorum.

Our readers may remember the story of the two Irish friends who, from long practice, arrived at great proficiency in the science of unlawfully abstracting the neighbour's property, and were not only true to the old maxim of "honour among thieves," but evinced an ingenuity and skill worthy of a better cause. One, having appropriated a goose, was on the point of being condemned by a jury for theft, when the friend appeared and swore that the bird was his, and had been ever since it was a gosling, and the prisoner on this was acquitted. Afterwards, in the course of his calling, the ingenious witness was himself arraigned for stealing a gun. "Don't be onasey," whispered the former culprit, "I'll release ye." Thereupon he stepped into the witness-box, and boldly affirmed that the gun was his, and that it had been in his possession ever since it had been a *pistol!*—*Salad for the Social.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A travelling English marquis, in the course of the *grand tour*, arrived at Berlin, weary of lionizing. When he went to rest at the close of his first day's residence, he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have come to a place where there is nothing worth seeing!"

——PIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—We have seldom seen so rich a specimen of this class of advertisements as the following, which appeared in last Wednesday's *Nonconformist:* "DRAPERY.—A Christian young man wanting a situation where he may *develope the whole of his soul*, and find a home with intellectual and religious advantages, will please apply to S. F. Wheeler, 24 High street, Ryde."

——The *Cologne Gazette* is responsible for the following story: "When Palmer was condemned, the Sardinian ambassador telegraphed to Turin. "Palmer, condemned to death, will be hanged at Rugeley.' The official at Turin wrote for 'Palm.' (abridged for 'Palmer') 'Palmerston,' and sent it as an official despatch to the Minister Cavour. The latter, having smiled on reading it, left it open on his desk, and in a few minutes the report went like wildfire through Turin that the English had hanged their prime minister."

——By accurate observation of the height of the fog relatively to the higher edifices whose elevation is known, it has been ascertained that the fogs of London never rise more than two hundred to two hundred and forty feet above the same level. Hence the air of the more elevated environs of the metropolis is celebrated for its pure and invigorating qualities; being placed above the fogs of the plain, and removed from a smoky and contaminated atmosphere. The height of the Norwood hills, for example, is about three hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea at low water, and thus enjoys a preëminent salubrity.

——The increase of temperature in the earth is about 10 deg. Fahr. in every fifteen yards of descent. In all probability, however, the increase will be found to be in a geometrical progression as investigation is extended, in which case the present crust will be found to be much thinner than we have hitherto calculated it to be. Taking then as correct the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows: Water will boil at the depth of 2,430 yards; lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards; there is red heat at the depth of seven miles; gold melts at 21 miles; cast iron at 74 miles; soft iron at 97 miles; and, at the depth of 100 miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platina, porcelain, and, indeed, every refractory substance that we are acquainted with.

——Our readers are aware of a kind of social scourge which has existed from time immemorial in the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, under the name of *vendetta* (vengeance). A remarkable case of this kind has just been amicably settled at Agius, near Tempio (Sardinia), between two powerful families, named Mamio and Vasa. It had originated in the breaking off of a marriage, and in the course of a few years seventy-one persons had fallen victims to private vengeance on either side. The present Intendant of Tempio, M. Orru, has at length succeeded in bringing about an arrangement, and on the 29th of May last, 324 men of the Mamio family and 273 of the Vasa met in a plain near Tempio, and abjured their reciprocal hatred before a crucifix, one of the Vasas going up to the chief of the Mamios and embracing him, after which a general greeting took place, tears of friendship were shed, and an appropriate discourse by the Father Director of the schools terminated the ceremony.

——THE BLACK SOLDIER AT THE PALACE.—A few days ago, Marshal Bosquet made his appearance at the palace of St. Cloud with two men, for whom he claimed the honour of a presentation to the Emperor. One was a tall, thin African soldier, an Algerian subject of France, who was singularly maimed during the siege of Sebastopol. A bomb fell in the trenches where this man was at work, and where, if it had exploded, many men must have been killed or wounded. The man rushed to the bomb, seized it, and had already raised it high above his head to throw it out of the trench, when it exploded and carried away both of his arms, without doing him other serious injury.

The other man was a soldier of the line, a little Breton, who, like the jackal and the lion, had attached himself to the person of the tall African by pure affection, and served him as servant of all work. His life had been saved by the African in raising the bomb, and by a sudden inspiration he declared that his life should be devoted to him who had saved it. Thus he dresses and undresses him, feeds, shaves and combs him, and, in short, serves him as a pair of hands.

The object of the visit was to obtain the discharge of the little Breton from the service, in order that he might accompany to his home in Africa the wounded soldier. They were presented first to the Emperor, who subsequently conducted them to the Empress, and both their Majesties exhibited a lively interest in this strange couple. Of course the request of Marshal Bosquet was granted, and the soldiers left the palace much richer than they entered it.

——THE CONGRESSIONAL PRIZE-RING.—The forcible mode in which debates are conducted in the parliament of the United States, and the personal encounters which sometimes follow them, are believed by the present generation, to be novelties and only recently brought to a culminating point by the Honourable Preston S. Brooks's life-preserver, upon the head, face, eyes and body of Senator Charles Sumner. This is a mistake. Fifty years ago, exciting debates often ended in a regular stand-up fight in the lobby of the House of Representatives. The combatants stripped, a ring was formed, bottle-holders appointed, and the battle fought and reported quite in the style of Moulsey Hurst and *Bell's Life in London.*

In corroboration of this statement we present to our readers the following paragraph copied from the *New York Evening Post* of December the thirteenth, eighteen hundred and five, into the Annual Register for eighteen hundred and six:

"On Friday last, the well-known Leib, one of the representatives of Pennsylvania, and the leader of the Duane party, and Joseph H. Nicholson, one of the representatives of Mary